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PERSONAL TRAITS OF GENERAL GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

[General Horace Porter served on General Grant's staff from the time Grant took command of the army in the East until the close of the war. He was also Grant's Assistant Secretary of War, and, through Grant's first term as President, his private secretary.—ED. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.]

THE recurrence of General Grant's birthday never fails to recall to the minds of those who were associated with him the many admirable traits of his character. A number of these traits, if not absolutely peculiar to him, were more thoroughly developed in his nature than in the natures of other men.

His personal characteristics were always a source of interest to those who served with him, although he never seemed to be conscious of them himself. He had so little egotism in his nature that he never took into consideration any of his own peculiarities, and never seemed to feel that he possessed any qualities different from those common to all men. He always shrank from speaking of matters personal to himself, and evidently never analyzed his own mental powers. In his intercourse he did not appear to study to be reticent regarding himself; he appeared rather to be unconscious of self. He was always calm and unemotional, yet deeply earnest in every work in which he engaged. While his mental qualities and the means by which he accomplished his purposes have been something of a puzzle to philosophers, he was always natural in his manners and intensely human in everything he did.

Among the many personal traits which might be mentioned, he possessed five attributes which were pronounced and conspicuous, and stand out as salient points in his character. They were Truth, Courage, Modesty, Generosity, and Loyalty.

He was without exception the most absolutely truthful man I ever encountered in public or private life. This trait may be recognized in the frankness and honesty of expression in all his correspondence. He was not only truthful himself, but he had a horror of untruth in others. One day while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to Congress, a card was brought in by a servant. An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the President did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say the President is not in." General Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair, and cried out to the servant, "Tell him no such thing. I don't lie myself, and I don't want any one to lie for me."

When the President had before him

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for his action the famous Inflation Bill, a member of Congress urged him persistently to sign it. When he had vetoed it, and it was found that the press and public everywhere justified his action, the congressman came out in a speech reciting how materially he had assisted in bringing about the veto. When the President read the report of the speech in the newspapers, he said, "How can So-and-so state publicly such an untruth! I do not see how he can ever look me in the face again." He had a contempt for the man ever after. Even in ordinary conversation he would relate a simple incident which happened in one of his walks upon the street, with all the accuracy of a translator of the new version of the Scriptures; and if in telling the story he had said mistakenly, for instance, that he had met a man on the south side of the avenue, he would return to the subject hours afterward to correct the error and state with great particularity that it was on the *north* side of the avenue that the encounter had taken place. These corrections and constant efforts to be accurate in every statement he made once led a gentleman to say of him that he was "tediously" truthful. It has often been a question of ethics in warfare whether an officer is justifiable in putting his signature to a false report or a deceptive letter for the purpose of having it fall into the hands of the enemy, with a view to misleading him. It is very certain that General Grant would never have resorted to such a subterfuge, however important might have been the results to be attained.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROS.

General Grant possessed a rare and conspicuous Courage, which, seen under all circumstances, appeared never to vary. It was not a courage inspired by excitement; it was a steady and patient courage in all the scenes in which it was displayed. It might be called, more appropriately, an unconsciousness of danger. He seemed never to be aware of any danger to himself or to any person about him. His physical and moral courage were both of the same high order. To use an Americanism, he was "clean grit." This characteristic early displayed itself in the nerve he exhibited, as a cadet at West Point, in breaking fractious horses in the riding-hall. His courage was conspicuous in all the battles in Mexico in which he was engaged, particularly in leading an attack against one of the gates of the City of Mexico, at the head of a dozen men whom he had called on to volunteer for the purpose. It showed itself at Belmont, in the gallant manner in which he led his troops, and in his remaining on shore in the retreat until he had seen all his men aboard the steamboats. At Donelson and Shiloh, and in many of the fights in the Virginia campaign, while he never posed for effect, or indulged in mock heroics, his exposure to danger when necessary, and his habitual indifference under fire, were constantly noticeable. He was one of the few men who never displayed the slightest nervousness in battle. Dodging bullets is by no means proof of a lack of courage. It proceeds from a nervousness which is often purely physical, and is no more significant as a test of courage than the act of winking when something is thrown suddenly in one's face. It is entirely involuntary.

Many a brave officer has been known to indulge in "jack-knifing" under fire, as it is called; that is, bending low or doubling up, when bullets were whistling by. In my own experience I can recall only two persons who, throughout a rattling musketry fire, could sit in their saddles without moving a muscle or even winking an eye. One was a bugler in the regular cavalry, and the other was General Grant.

The day the outer lines of Petersburg were carried, and the troops were closing up upon the inner lines, the General halted near a house on a piece of elevated ground which overlooked the field. The position was under fire, and the enemy's batteries seemed to pay particular attention to the spot, noticing, perhaps, the group of officers collected there, and believing that some of the Union commanders were among them. The General was engaged in writing some despatches, and paid no attention whatever to the shots falling about him. Members of the staff remarked that the place was becoming a target, and suggested that he move to a less conspicuous position, but he seemed to pay no attention to the advice given. After he had finished his despatches, and taken another view of the enemy's works, he quietly mounted his horse and rode slowly to another part of the field, remarking to the officers about him, with a jocose twinkle in his eye, "Well, they do seem to have the range on us."

During one of the fights in front of Petersburg the telegraph-poles had been thrown down, and the twisted wires were scattered about upon the ground. While our troops were falling back before a vigorous attack made by the enemy, the General's horse caught his foot in a loop of the wire, and in the animal's efforts to free himself the coil became twisted still tighter. The enemy was moving up rapidly, delivering a heavy fire, and there was no time to be lost. The staff officers began to wear anxious looks upon their faces, and became very apprehensive for the General's safety. He sat quietly in his saddle giving directions to an orderly, and afterward to an officer who had dismounted and who were struggling nervously to uncoil the wire, and kept cautioning them in a low, calm tone of voice not to hurt the horse's

GENERAL GRANT IN 1864, DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF THE WILDERNESS. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

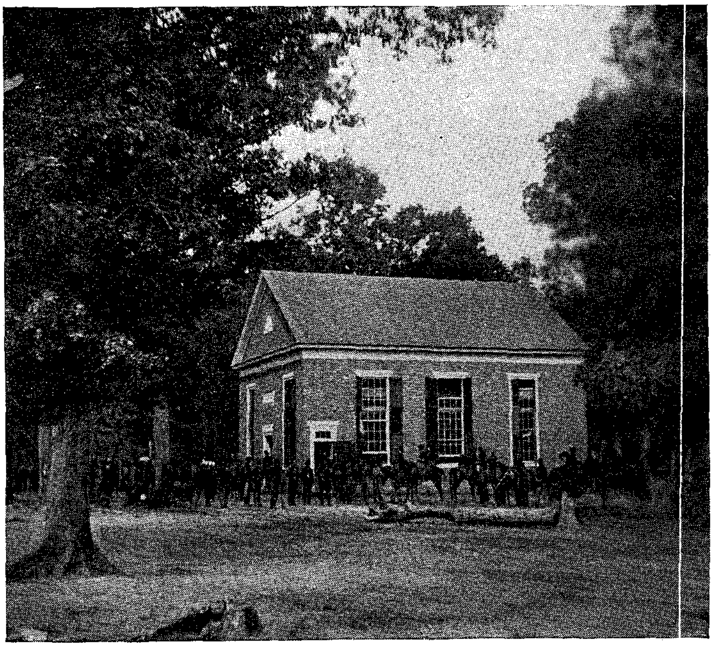
leg. Finally the foot was released; but none too quickly, as the enemy a few minutes later had gained possession of that part of the field.

His moral courage was manifested in many instances. He took a grave responsibility in paroling the officers and men captured at Vicksburg and sending them home, and persons who did not understand the situation subjected him to severe criticism. But he shouldered the entire responsibility, and subsequent events proved that he was entirely correct in the action he had taken.

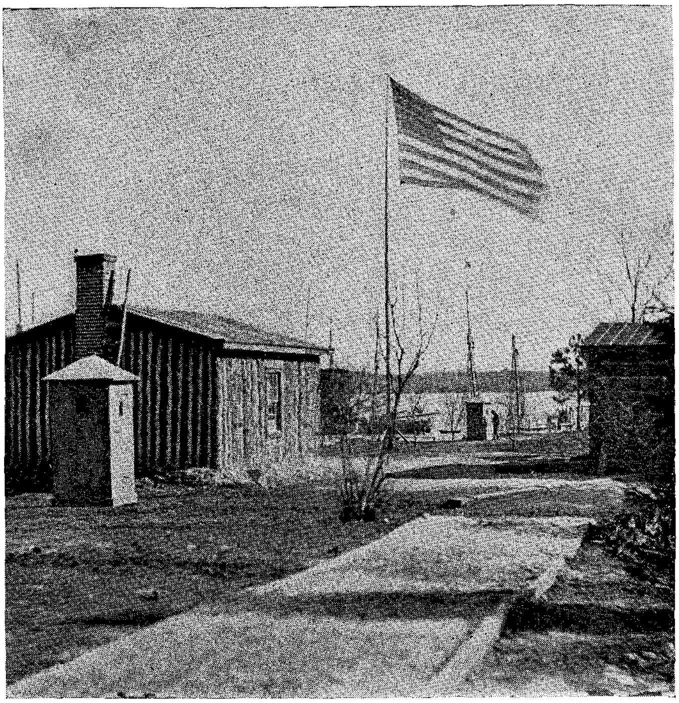
It was supposed at Appomattox that the terms he gave to Lee and his men might not be approved by the authorities at Washington. But without consulting them, General Grant assumed the entire responsibility. There was not a moment's hesitation.

Even in trivial matters he never seemed to shrink from any act which he set out to perform. The following incident, though trifling in itself, illustrates this trait in his character. When we were in the heat of the political campaign in which he was a candidate for the Presidency a second time, and when there was the utmost violence in campaign meetings, and unparalleled abuse exchanged between members of the contesting parties, the President made many trips by rail in New Jersey, where he was residing at his summer home at Elberon. He always travelled in an ordinary passenger car, and mingled freely with all classes of people. On one of these trips he said to me: "I think I will go forward into the smoking-car and have a smoke." The car was filled with a rough class of men, several of them under the influence of liquor. The President sat down in a seat next to one of the passengers. He was immediately recognized, and his neighbor, evidently for the purpose of "showing off," proceeded to make himself objectionably familiar. He took out a cigar, and turning to the President cried: "I say, give us a light, neighbor," and reached out his hand expecting the President to pass him the cigar which he was smoking. The President looked him in the eye calmly for a few seconds, and then pulled out a matchbox, struck a match, and handed it to him. Those who had been looking on applauded the act, and the smoker was silenced, and afterward became very respectful.

Even the valor of his martial deeds was surpassed by the superb courage displayed in the painful illness which preceded his death. Though suffering untold torture, he held death at arm's length with one hand, while with the other he penned the most brilliant chapter in American history. His fort-



MASSAPONAX CHURCH, VIRGINIA. GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS IN MAY, 1864.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT EARLY IN 1865. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

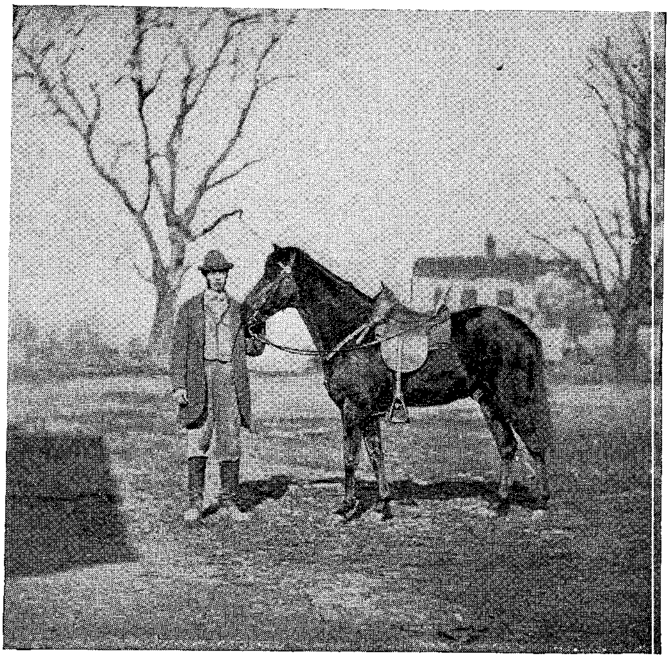
une had disappeared, his family was without support, and summoning to his aid all of his old-time fortitude, he sat through months of excruciating agony, laboring to finish the book which would be the means of saving those he loved best from want. He seemed to live entirely upon his will-power until the last lines were finished, and then yielded to the first foe to whom he had ever surrendered—Death.

His extreme Modesty attracts attention in all of his speeches and letters, and especially in his "Memoirs." A distinguished literary critic once remarked that that book was the only autobiography he had ever read which was totally devoid of egotism. The General not only abstains from vaunting himself, but seems to take pains to enumerate all the good qualities in which he is lacking, and, while he describes in eulogistic terms the persons who were associated with him, he records nothing which would seem to be in commendation of himself. Although his mind was a great storehouse of useful information, the result of constant reading and a retentive memory, he laid no claim to any knowledge he did not possess. He agreed with Addison that "pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it." He had a particular aversion to egotists and braggarts. Though fond of telling stories, and at times a most interesting *raconteur*, he never related an anecdote which was at all off color, or which could be construed as an offence against modesty. His stories possessed the true geometrical requisites of excellence: they were never too long and never too broad.

His unbounded generosity was at all times displayed towards both friends and foes. His unselfishness towards those who served with him is one of the chief secrets of their attachment to him, and the unqualified praise he gave them for their work was one of the main incentives to the efforts which they put forth. After the successes in the West, in writing to Sherman, he said: "What I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom above all others I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I."

After Sherman's successful march to the sea there was a rumor that Congress intended to create a Lieutenant-Generalship for him and give him the same grade as that of Grant. By this means he would have become eligible to the command of the army. Sherman wrote at once to his commander, saying that he had no part in the movement, and should certainly decline such a commission if offered to him. General Grant wrote him in reply one of the most manly letters ever penned, which contained the following words: "No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I; and if you should be placed in my position, and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have ever done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win."

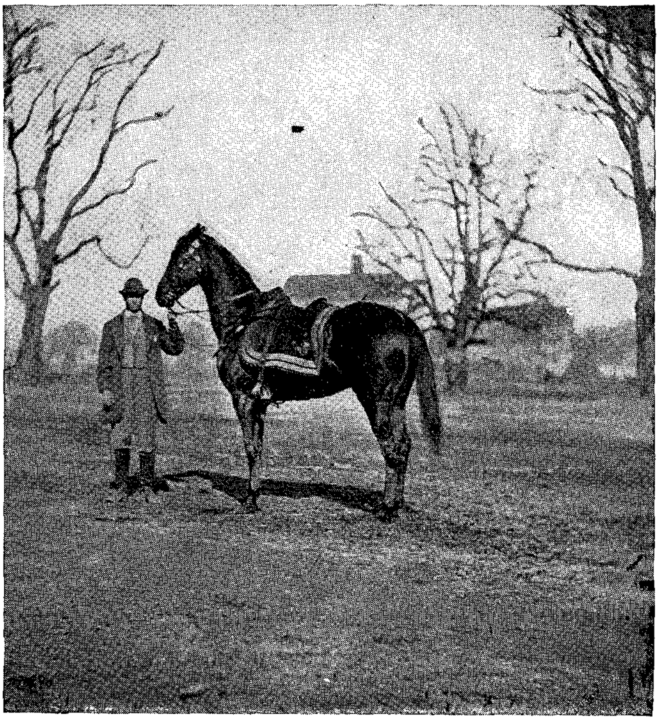
When Sherman granted terms of surrender to General Joe Johnston's army which the Government repudiated, and when Stanton denounced Sherman's conduct unsparingly, and Grant was ordered to Sherman's headquarters by the President to conduct further operations there in person, the General-in-chief went only as far as Raleigh. He remained there in the background instead of going out to the front, so as not to appear to share the credit of receiving Johnston's final surrender upon terms approved by the Government. He left that honor solely to Sherman. He stood by him manfully when his motives were questioned and his patriotism unjustly assailed. After Sheridan had won his great victories some one spoke in General Grant's presence in a manner which sought to belittle Sheridan and make it appear that he was only a hard hitter in battle and not an officer of brains. General Grant resented this with great warmth, and immediately took up the cudgels in Sheridan's favor. He said: "While Sheridan has a magnetic influence possessed by few men in an engagement, and is seen to best advantage in battle, he does as much beforehand to contribute to victory as any living commander. His plans are always well matured, and in every movement he strikes with a definite purpose in view. No man is better fitted to command all the armies in the field."



GRANT'S HORSE "JEFF DAVIS," CAPTURED ON DAVIS'S PLANTATION IN MISSISSIPPI. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

General Grant's generosity to his foes will be remembered as long as the world continues to honor manly qualities. After the surrender at Vicksburg he issued a field order saying: "The paroled prisoners will be sent out of here to-morrow. Instruct the commands to be orderly and quiet as the prisoners pass and to make no offensive remarks."

In his correspondence with General Lee, looking to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, he said: "I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name, for the purpose of arranging definitely terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received." He thus took pains to relieve General Lee from the humiliation of making the surrender in person, in case that commander chose to designate another officer for the purpose. In this General Grant showed the same delicacy of feeling as that which actuated Washington when he spared Cornwallis from the necessity of surrendering his army in person at Yorktown.

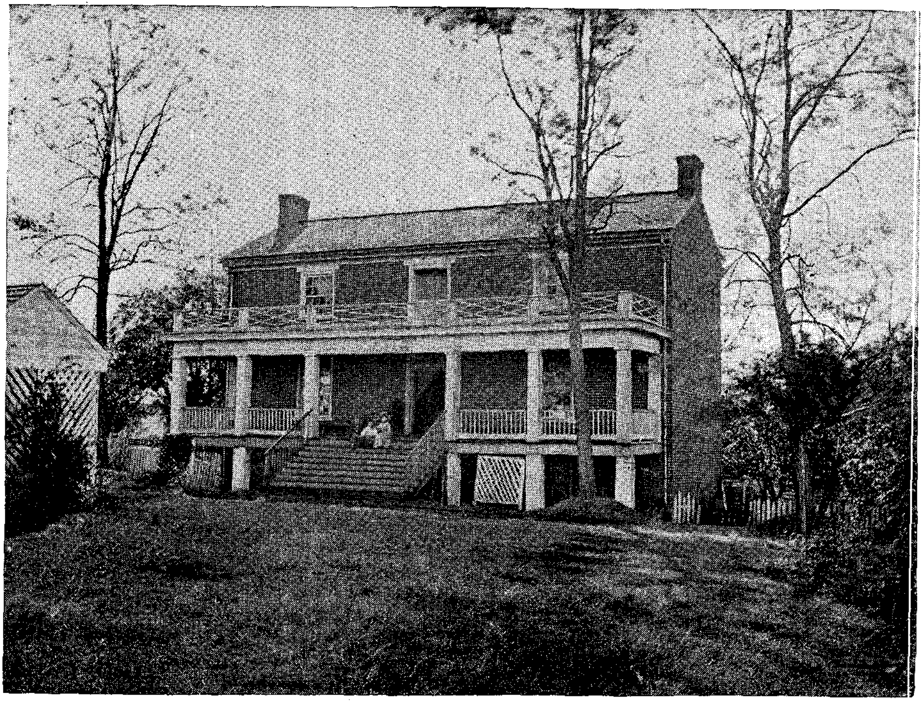


GRANT'S HORSE "EGYPT," A THOROUGHBRED FROM SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

After the surrender at Appomattox our troops began to fire salutes. General Grant sent orders at once to have them stopped, using the following words: "The war is over, the rebels are our countrymen again, and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field."

When, two months after the close of the war, Lee made application in writing to have the privileges included in the President's amnesty proclamation extended to him, General Grant promptly indorsed his letter as follows: "Respectfully forwarded through the Secretary of War to the President, with the earnest recommendation that the application of General Robert E. Lee for amnesty and pardon may be granted him." Andrew Johnson was, however, at that time bent upon having all ex-Confederate officers indicted for the crime of treason, whether they kept their paroles or not, and a number of indictments had already been found against them. In this emergency General Lee applied by letter to General Grant for protection, and he knew that such an application would not be in vain. General Grant put the most emphatic indorsement upon this letter, which contained the following language: "In my opinion the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court House, and since upon the same terms given Lee, cannot be tried for treason so long as they observe the terms of their parole. . . . The action of Judge Underwood in Norfolk has already had an injurious effect, and I would ask that he be ordered to quash all indictments found against paroled prisoners of war, and to desist from further prosecution of them." It must be remembered that this action was taken when the country was still greatly excited by the events of the war and the assassination of President Lincoln, and it required no little courage on the part of General Grant to take so decided a stand in these matters.

Perhaps the most pronounced trait



THE McCLEAN HOUSE IN APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA, WHERE GRANT AND LEE MET AND FIXED THE TERMS OF LEE'S *SURRENDER, APRIL 9, 1865.*

in General Grant's character was that of unqualified Loyalty. He was loyal to every work and cause in which he was engaged: loyal to his friends, loyal to his family, loyal to his country, and loyal to his God. This characteristic produced a reciprocal effect in those who served with him, and was one of the chief reasons why men became so loyally attached to him. It so dominated his entire nature that it sometimes led him into error, and caused him to stand by friends who were no longer worthy of his friendship, and to trust those in whom his faith should not have been reposed. Yet it is a trait so noble that we do not stop to count the errors which may have resulted from it. It showed that he was proof against the influence of malicious aspersions and slanders aimed at worthy men, and that he had the courage to stand as a barrier between them and their unworthy detractors, and to let generous sentiments have a voice in an age in which the heart plays so small a part in public life.

It has been well said that "the best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men." A close study of the manly traits which were so conspicuous in the life of General Grant will afford a liberal education to American youth in the virtues which should adorn the character of a man in public life.

GRANT AS HIS SON SAW HIM.

AN INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT ABOUT HIS FATHER.

By A. E. Watrous.

ANY one who has laid his tribute of worship at the feet of General Grant without ever having seen the man experiences a surprise, and almost a shock, when he meets the master of the house at No. 245 West Seventy-fourth Street, in the city of New York. The man whom he really meets, and whom he knows he meets, is Colonel Frederick D. Grant. But the man whom he sees—and the illusion will grow on him all through a long morning's talk—is as exactly General Ulysses S. Grant as if the painting on the western wall of the parlor of that house, or the crayon on the eastern wall of the library, had taken life, and, doffing its four-starred General's uniform for mufti, had stepped from its frame and sat down at the library desk to write an order to Burnside beleaguered in Knoxville.

Colonel Grant is probably a larger man than his father, but proportionately their cranial measurements would probably tally almost exactly. The square, short head, indicative of the General's perfect equability of temperament, is reproduced in the Colonel. The features are the same. Particularly is the resemblance close in the nose of unobtrusive strength. The Grant nose is a Cæsarian organ with constitutional limitations, British and American. It must have been the nose of a potential dictator once, but centuries of civil and religious liberty in Old and New England and the new New England of what was once the West, have depressed the arch and set the member snug and law-abidingly to the face. There is the same penetrating and meditative eye, the eye that thinks but does not brood. There are the same squared, even shoulders. There is the same set but not protrusive jaw. There is the same brown beard, now slightly tinged with gray, for Colonel Grant has reached the age of forty-four, at which his father, his battles all over, had created for himself the unprecedented rank of General.

When Colonel Grant begins to talk, and especially when, to illustrate points in his talk, he reads from his father's manuscript order books, the similarity of mental process as well as of outward appearance is shown. The General never made phrases intentionally. He never left anything to intuition. But he made things so clear, at enormous pains to himself, that he absolutely stopped all loopholes of misunderstanding. So with Colonel Grant, the attribute that strikes you most is the impossibility of getting an incorrect idea from him.

This mental similarity is not to be wondered at. The son lived in the father's shadow, slept in his tent, ate at his mess, rode by his side—a volunteer aide-de-camp without pay at thirteen—through the time when his mind was most plastic.

Colonel Grant likes better to talk of his father's campaigns than of his personality, and exhibits in talking of them the remarkable Grant clarity of statement. Yet a single question drew from him, almost accidentally, a clearer analysis of those attributes that went to make up the potent entity known as Grant, than any that I at least have seen in print. "Did you notice any change," I had asked, "in your father's manner or demeanor after he came East and took command of all the armies? Was there anything to show that he thought, 'Here is the great task of my life'?"

Colonel Grant shook his head thoughtfully. "No," he said; "that was impossible. My father was always the same. He was always grave. He was always thoughtful. He was always gentle. He was always extraordinarily considerate of the feelings of others. I have never known a man who had such nice ways about him in that respect as my father. But, more than that, he always did his best. He did as much his best when he was a farmer as when he was Lieutenant-General, and he never saw that doing your best in one position in life was any different from doing it in another. For instance, he never would look upon one particular achievement and say, 'That was my most brilliant deed.' He never looked at things that way. He used to say that he had done all he could, taken all the pains he could, about everything, and if one thing turned out better than another it was because he had more or better information to act upon. No, he never felt one responsibility more than another. He felt it his duty to do his best under all circumstances, and after that he did not care. So he never thought that he did one thing better than another. It was the duty idea that ruled him. And I may say that in the history of my father's family that same idea of doing your best in the place you find yourself has been a ruling and an upholding one. It's been a rather remarkable family in that way, I think. His father did the best that was to be done in the little town of Georgetown, Ohio, where he lived, and that was to be mayor, and draw the resolutions and platforms for the local political conventions. And *his* father did his best, and that was to fill a lieutenancy in the Revolutionary war; and that father's father was thanked by the Connecticut Assembly for his services in French and Indian warfare. There was another Grant, who became town clerk, back there in Connecticut. And so I think of each generation, since the family came here in 1630—it was of the clan Grant in Scotland originally—it may be said that there was some man doing his best, though until my father's time in a comparatively small way. Then my father's mother added greatly to the family stock of strict sense of duty. She was a woman who thought that nothing you could do would entitle you to praise; that you ought to praise the Lord for giving you an opportunity to do it. My father held himself to almost as strict an accountability, though he didn't extend it to others. He was always ready to praise his subordinates, and towards his children he was especially indulgent and lenient."

Grant's reluctance to talk "shop" is one of the most marked but most exasperating instances of good taste in history. When the subject was mentioned to his son, he smiled a smile of amused remembrance.

"The only way I could ever draw my father out upon the art of war," he said, "was to engage in conversation with some one else and then to make purposely a misstatement. He would correct me, and then be very apt to give his opinion on the subject, whatever it was. He never studied strategy between the time of his leaving West Point and the breaking out of the Rebellion. He had a few books, Jomini for one, and his memory retained all that he had learned at the academy. But, as a matter of fact, no European writer and no European commander could have given him much help in his campaigns."

The talk fell upon Vicksburg, and Colonel Grant, looking at it from the military standpoint, corrected my idea that it corresponded to the campaign of Ulm, and said that its true resemblance was to the Italian campaigns of 1796–97. Then I suggested: "Colonel, there are a good many million boys in this country who would like to know what a thirteen-year-old aide-de-camp saw on the day of the surrender."

The Colonel laughed and said: "Well, I don't know exactly where to begin. I remember that father had had it given out that we were to assault Vicksburg on July 4, when the attack was ordered for the 6th, and that brought the flag of truce; and then Pemberton and his staff rode out to meet my father and his staff. He and Pemberton went to one side and talked together, and then my father called Rawlins, and Pemberton called Bowen,

GENERAL GRANT'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

into consultation. In the mean time the two staffs mingled and talked about all sorts of things, and I listened. When we got back to the tent," and here the Colonel grew more interested and more exact in statement, "I remember how I wanted to lie down. Dysentery had pulled me down from one hundred and ten to sixty-eight pounds, and I had a toothache as well. The first thing I did after the surrender was to have that tooth pulled. My father sat at his little desk. That was all there was in the tent, except his cot and my cot; and the bottom of his was broken, and he had to stretch his legs apart when he slept in it to keep from falling through."

The Colonel stopped to laugh a moment at the recollection, and went on. "He began to write very hard, and with great interest in what he was writing. I lay on the cot with my face in my hands. We were alone, and it was toward evening. At last there came an orderly with a despatch. I remember seeing my father open it. He got up and said: 'W-e-e-e-ll, I'm glad Vicksburg will surrender to-morrow.'"

The question had been put to Colonel Grant, while he was describing the scene in the tent, whether his father was smoking at the time, and whether he really smoked as much as he was said to have. "I'll tell you about that afterwards," Colonel Grant had then said: "I'll tell you how he came to smoke." So, after the Vicksburg incident had been disposed of, there came this first authentic history of Grant as a smoker.

"My father," said Colonel Grant, "tried to smoke while at West Point, but only because it was against the regulations; and then he didn't succeed very well at it. He really got the habit from smoking light cigars and cigarettes during the Mexican war, but it wasn't a fixed habit. When he left the army and lived in the country, he smoked a pipe—not incessantly. I don't think that he was very fond of tobacco then, and really there was always a popular misconception of the amount of his smoking. But he went on as a light smoker, a casual smoker, until the day of the fall of Fort Donelson. Then the gun-boats having been worsted somewhat, and Admiral Foote having been wounded, he sent ashore for my father to come and see him. Father went aboard, and the Admiral, as is customary, had his cigars passed. My father took one, and was smoking it when he went ashore. There he was met by a staff officer, who told him that there was a sortie, and the right wing had been struck and smashed in. Then my father started for the scene of operations. He let his cigar go out, naturally, but held it between his fingers. He rode hither and yon, giving orders and directions, still with the cigar stump in his hand. The result of his exertions was that Fort Donelson fell after he sent his message of 'Unconditional surrender,' and 'I propose to move immediately upon your works.' With the message was sent all over the country the news that Grant was smoking throughout the battle, when he only had carried this stump from Foote's flagship. But the cigars began to come in from all over the Union. He had eleven thousand cigars on hand in a very short time. He gave away all he could, but he was so surrounded with cigars that he got to smoking them regularly. But he never smoked as much as he seemed to smoke. He would light a cigar after breakfast and let it go out, and then light it again, and then again let it go out, and light it; so that the one cigar would last until lunch time."

There has been more "popular sentiment" about the Chattanooga campaign than any other of the war. Colonel Grant smiled as we came to talk about it, and walked across the room to some book-shelves. From the long rows of leather-bound books he chose out a volume of smoothly copied orders, saying, as he turned the leaves: "Lookout Mountain is called the 'Battle above the Clouds,' I believe. The army lost nine men there, and at the other mountain, Missionary Ridge, it lost six thousand or seven thousand. Then there is another story, that the troops carried Missionary Ridge without orders, in an access of heroism. Well, let's see!" He read from the volume of orders and commented. In all the multifarious detail of instruction, which took painful cognizance of the depth of mud on every cross-road, and the comparative condition of the baggage train of each division, there was the fixed and iterated and reiterated exposition of the fact that Missionary Ridge, the point that was carried "without orders" by the Army of the Cumberland, was the point where the hammer of Thor was to strike when all this complex machinery should have raised it for its fall, which was to reëcho through all the years of the Republic.

Then from reports to Halleck, in another of the leather-bound volumes, came the reflection of the series of orders, fitting them as the type fits the matrix. The last was almost amusing in its unstudied simplicity. It was : "I do not at all expect that Bragg will be about here in the morning."

Chronologically the talk had come to Grant's journey East to assume general command, and his first meeting with Lincoln. "Did he give you his impression of Lincoln when he returned from that interview?" I asked.

"Not exactly," answered Colonel Grant. "You see, I was with him at the time."

"In Washington?"

"Yes; in Washington and in the White House—with him and Lincoln."

One can hardly imagine Marlborough taking a young Churchill to see Queen Anne after Ramillies; or Wellington, back from Spain, accompanied by a Right Honorable little Wellesley in his first call on the Duke of York. "Old Fuss and Feathers" doing such a kindly, natural, domestic, American thing after Mexico, is unthinkable. The incident seems to me to show Grant's unshakable equilibrium, his perfect invariableness.

"Is it true that Lincoln quoted a story about Captain Bob Shorty and the Mackerel Brigade, from the 'Orpheus C. Kerr Papers,' to your father at that meeting?" I asked.

"Very likely, though I don't remember. The story that I do remember hearing him tell my father that day was about Jocko. Jocko was the commander of an army of monkeys in a monkey war, and he was always sure that if his tail were a little longer he could end the monkey war. So he kept asking the authorities of the monkey republic for more of a tail. They got other monkey tails and spliced them on his. His spliced tail got too long to drag after him, and they wound it around his body. Still he wanted more, and they wound his spliced tail about his shoulders. Finally it got so heavy that it broke his back. Mr. Lincoln applied the story to the cases of generals who were always calling for more men and never did anything with them. They talked about the campaign, but in a desultory way. I remember Mr. Lincoln's saying, 'I don't give many military orders. Some of those I do give I know are wrong. Sometimes I think that all of them are wrong.'"

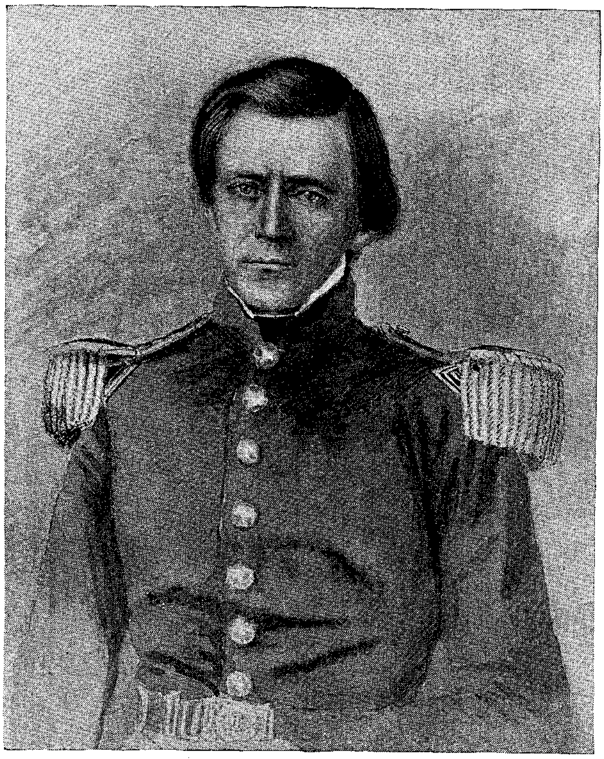
"Of those whom your father met in civil life, Conkling became the nearest to him, did he not?" said I, as our talk concluded.

Frederick D. Grant

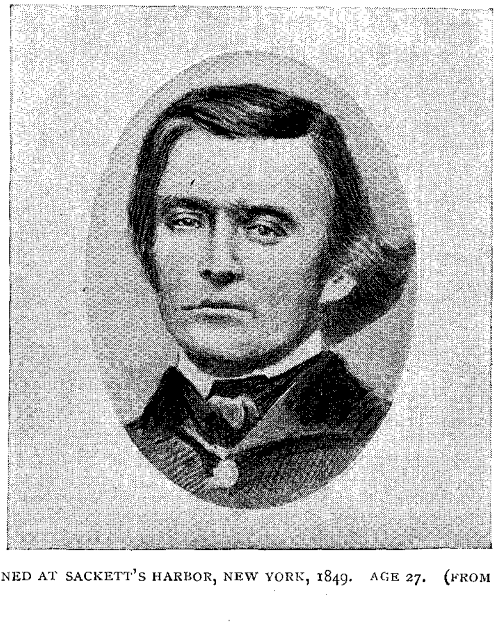
In a rather pensive and low tone Colonel Grant answered, "Conkling and my father loved each other. They were devoted; and Conkling's devotion was quite unselfish. There was a large element of hero-worship in it. He had three historical ideals—Mary Stuart, Napoleon, and my father."

Besides the new impressions of Grant the talk with his son yielded, I got another on noting a water-color that hung before me—a Normandy draft horse, done by Grant. An artistic element, the public scarcely suspected in him; but it was strong, as another painting and various drawings preserved by the family show, and it has descended to Colonel Grant's daughter.

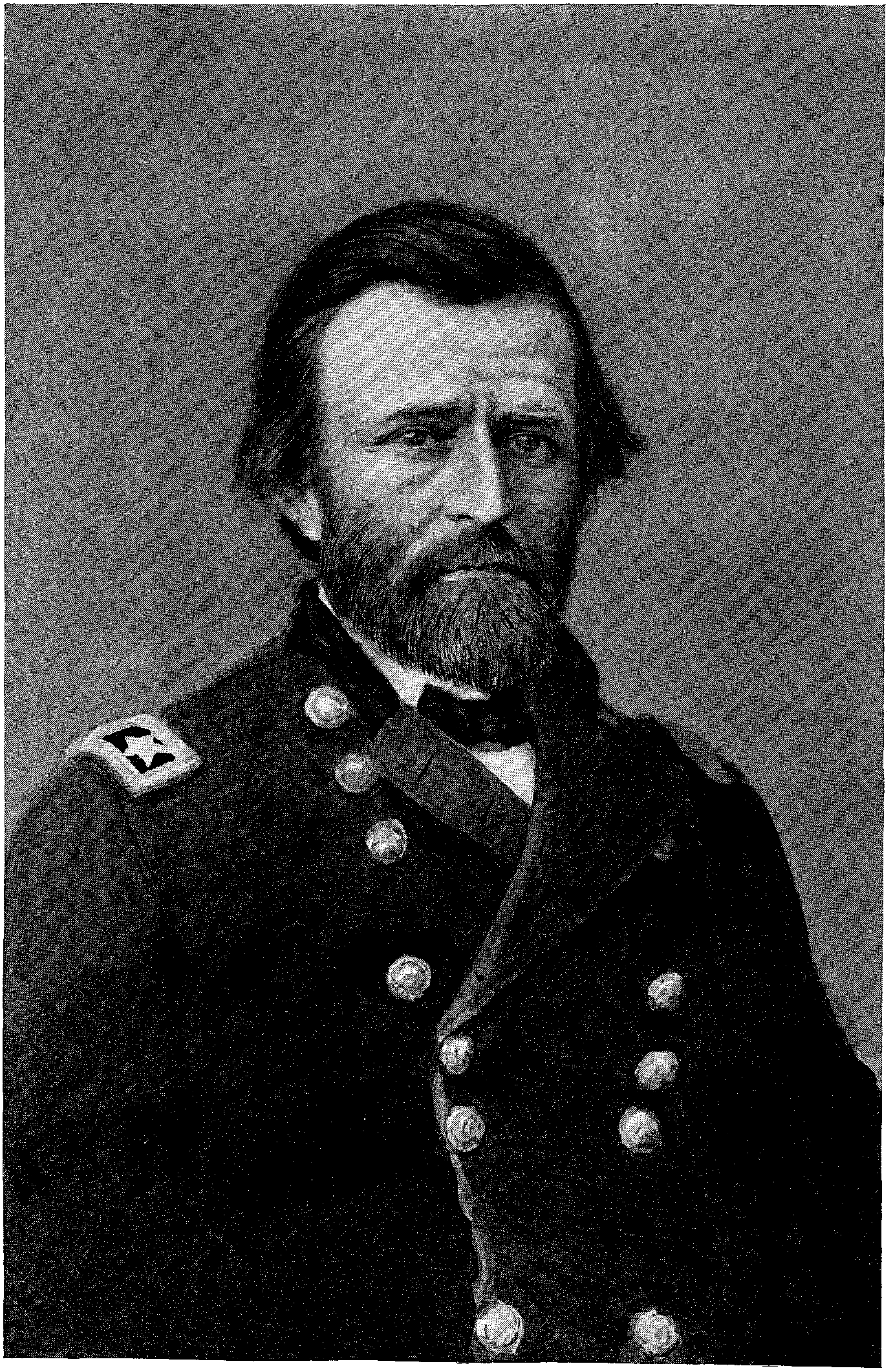
GENERAL GRANT'S HUMAN DOCUMENTS.



AS BREVET 2D LIEUTENANT. TAKEN IN CINCINNATI IN 1843, JUST AFTER GRADUATION FROM WEST POINT. AGE 21

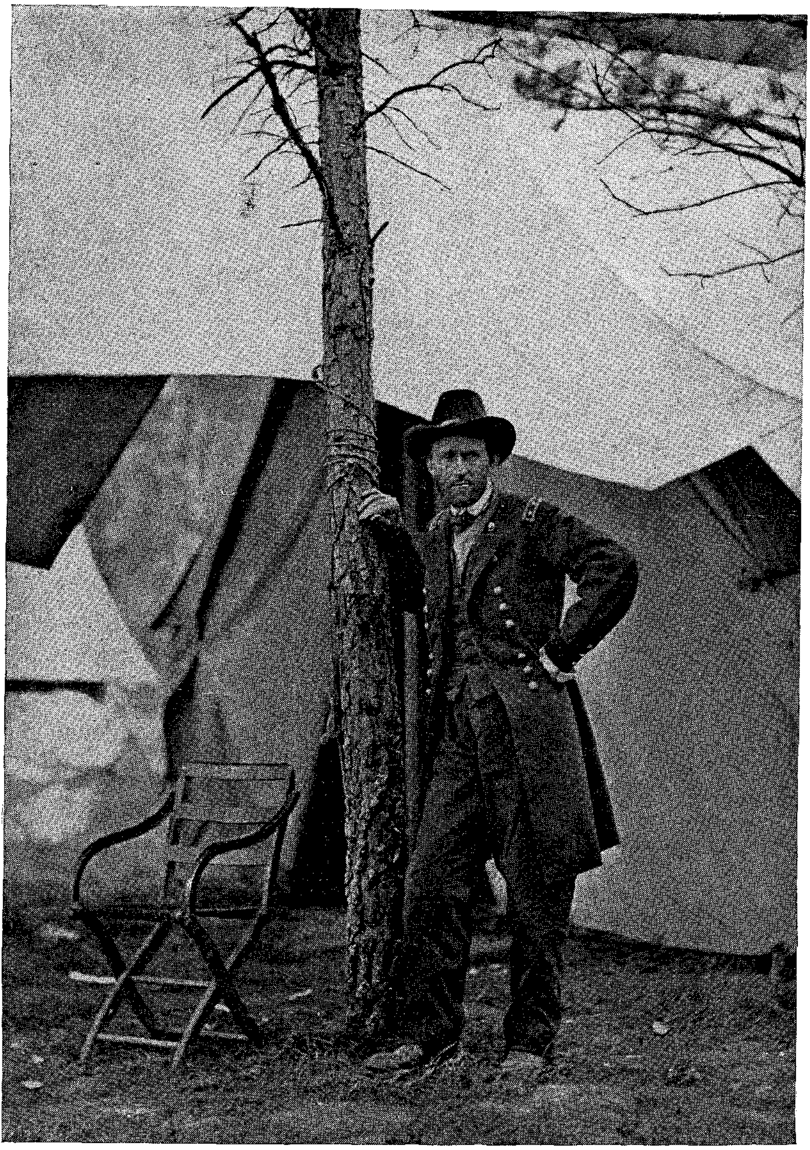


AS CAPTAIN WHILE STATIONED AT SACKETT'S HARBOR, NEW YORK, 1849. AGE 27. (FROM A VERY SMALL MINIATURE.)

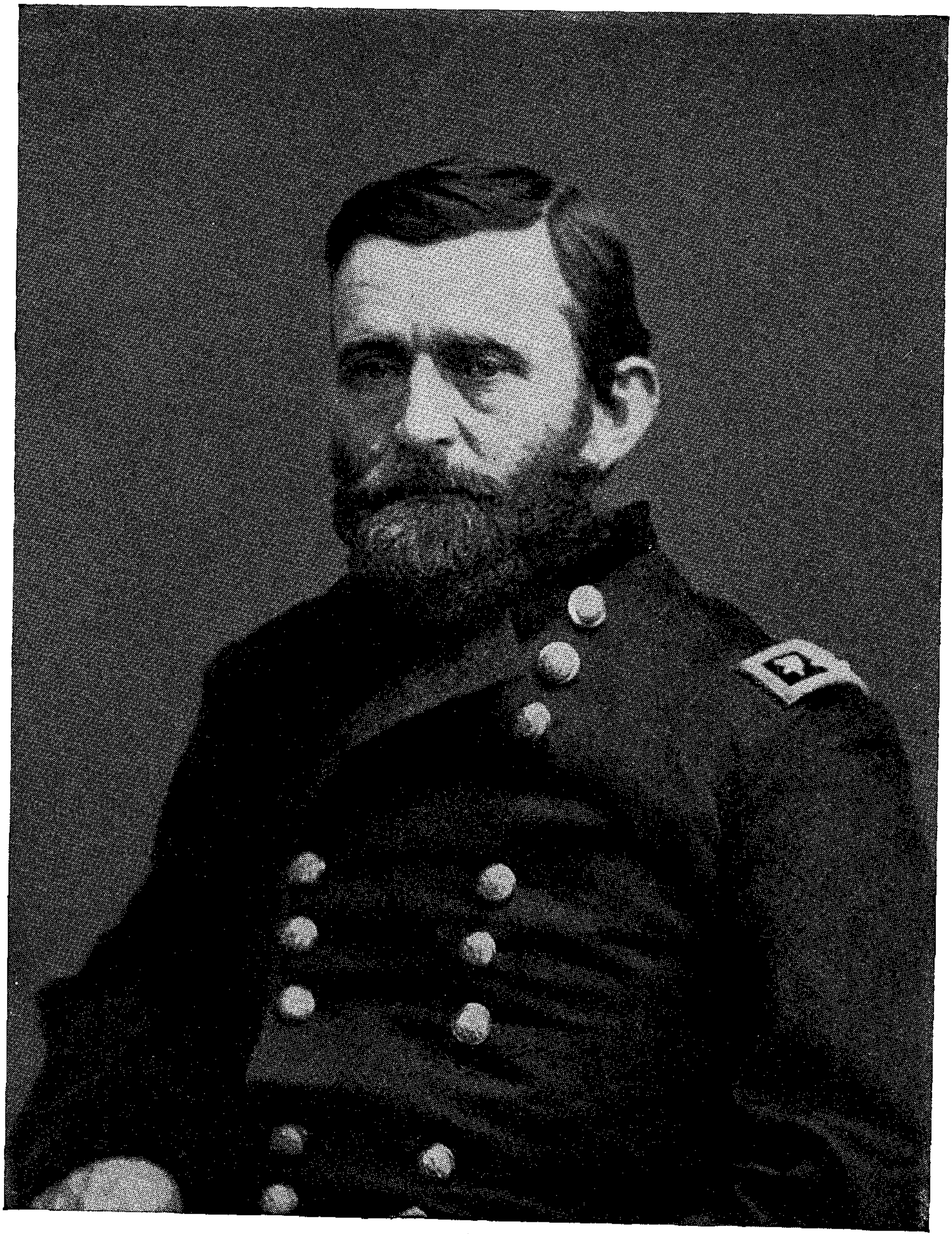


TAKEN IN 1863 BEFORE VICKSBURG. AGE 41.

(From a defective negative.)

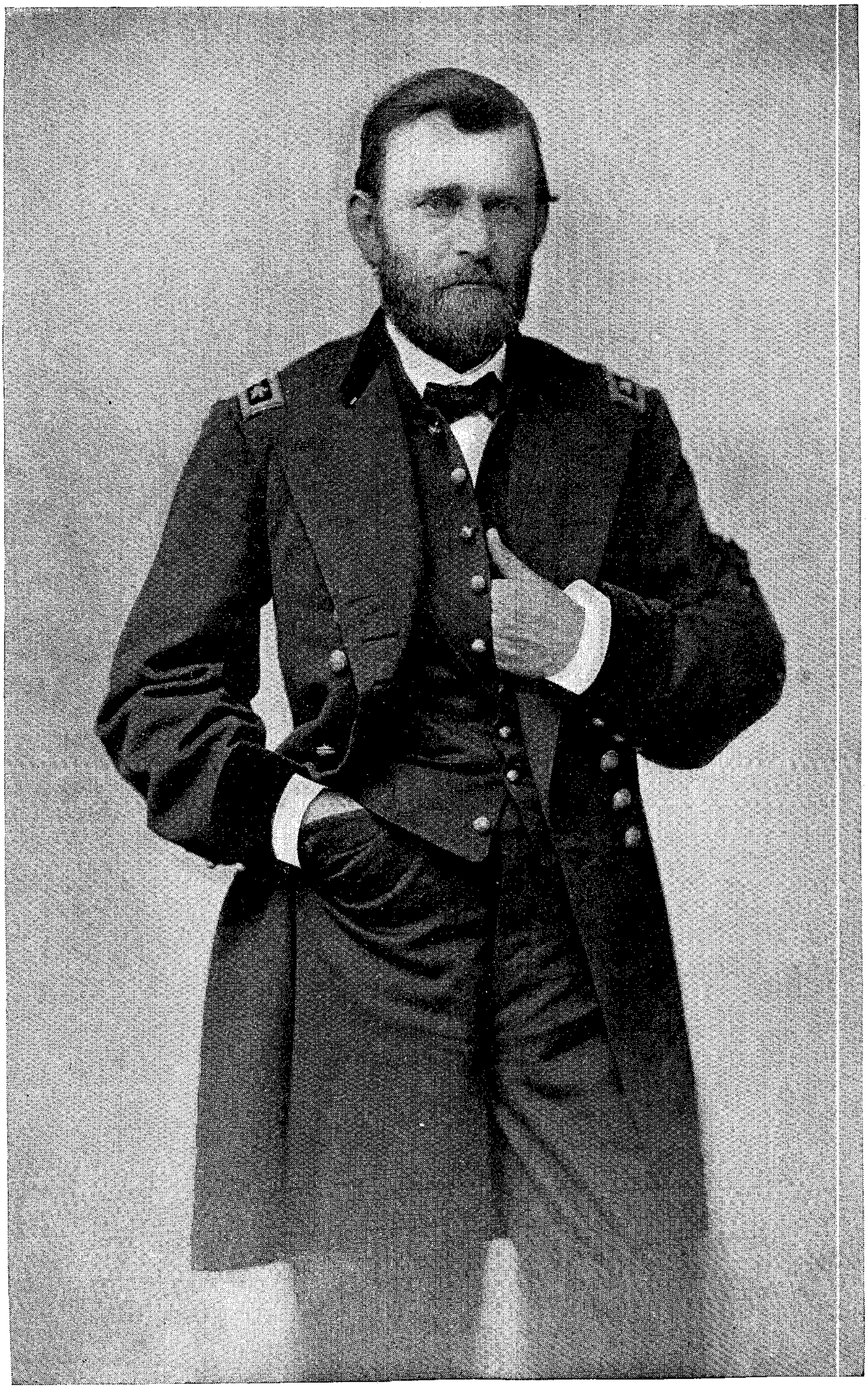


MAY, 1864. AGE 42. TAKEN AT HEADQUARTERS IN THE WILDERNESS. BRADY, PHOTOGRAPHER.

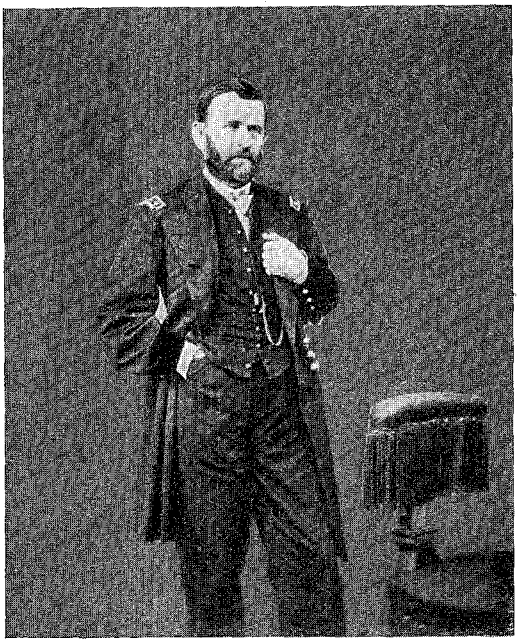


EARLY IN 1865, NEAR THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. AGE 43.

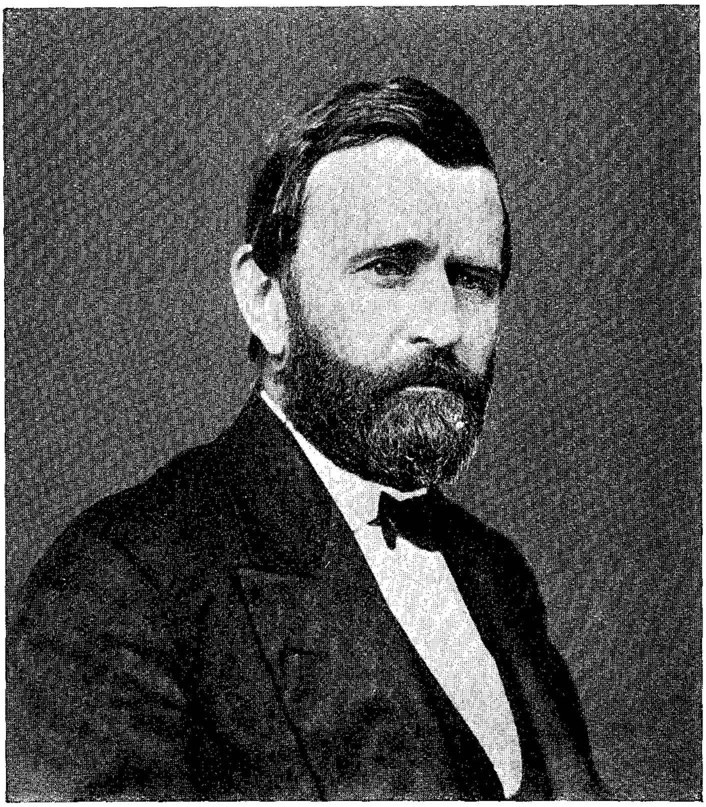
(From a spoiled negative.)



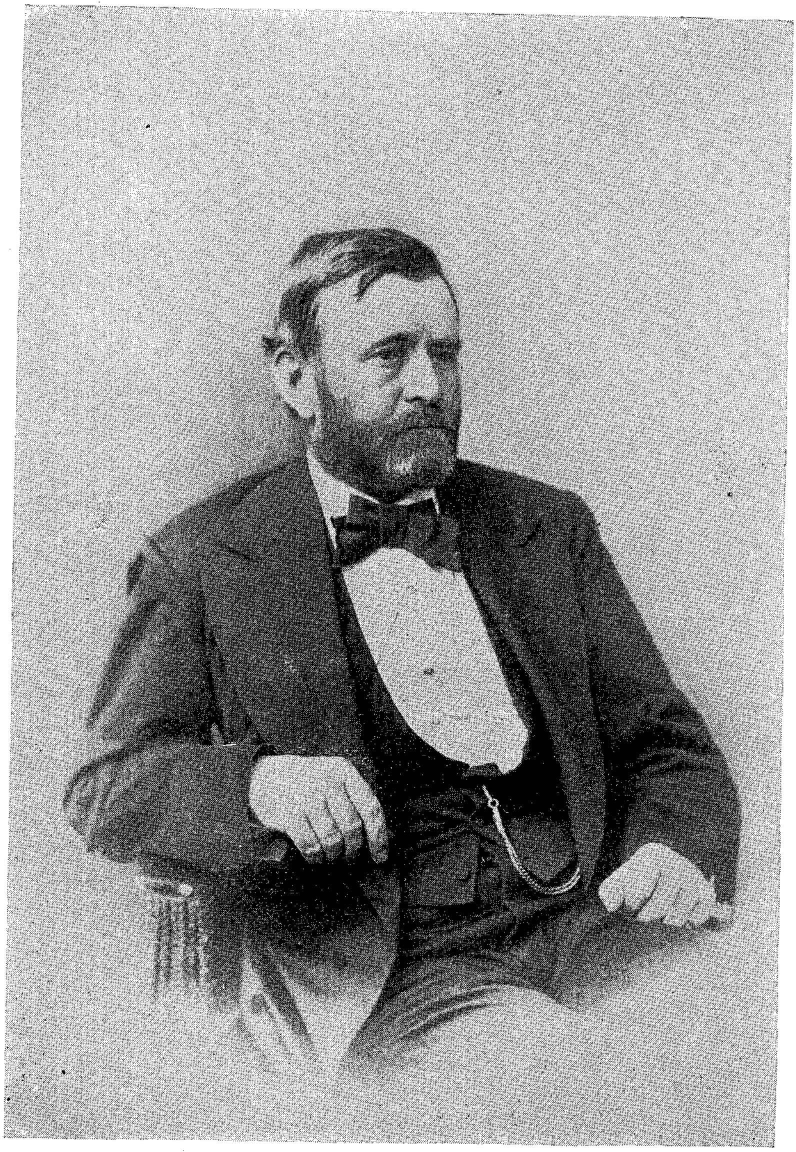
1865. AGE 43. TAKEN BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA, ON GRANT'S FIRST TRIP NORTH AFTER THE WAR.



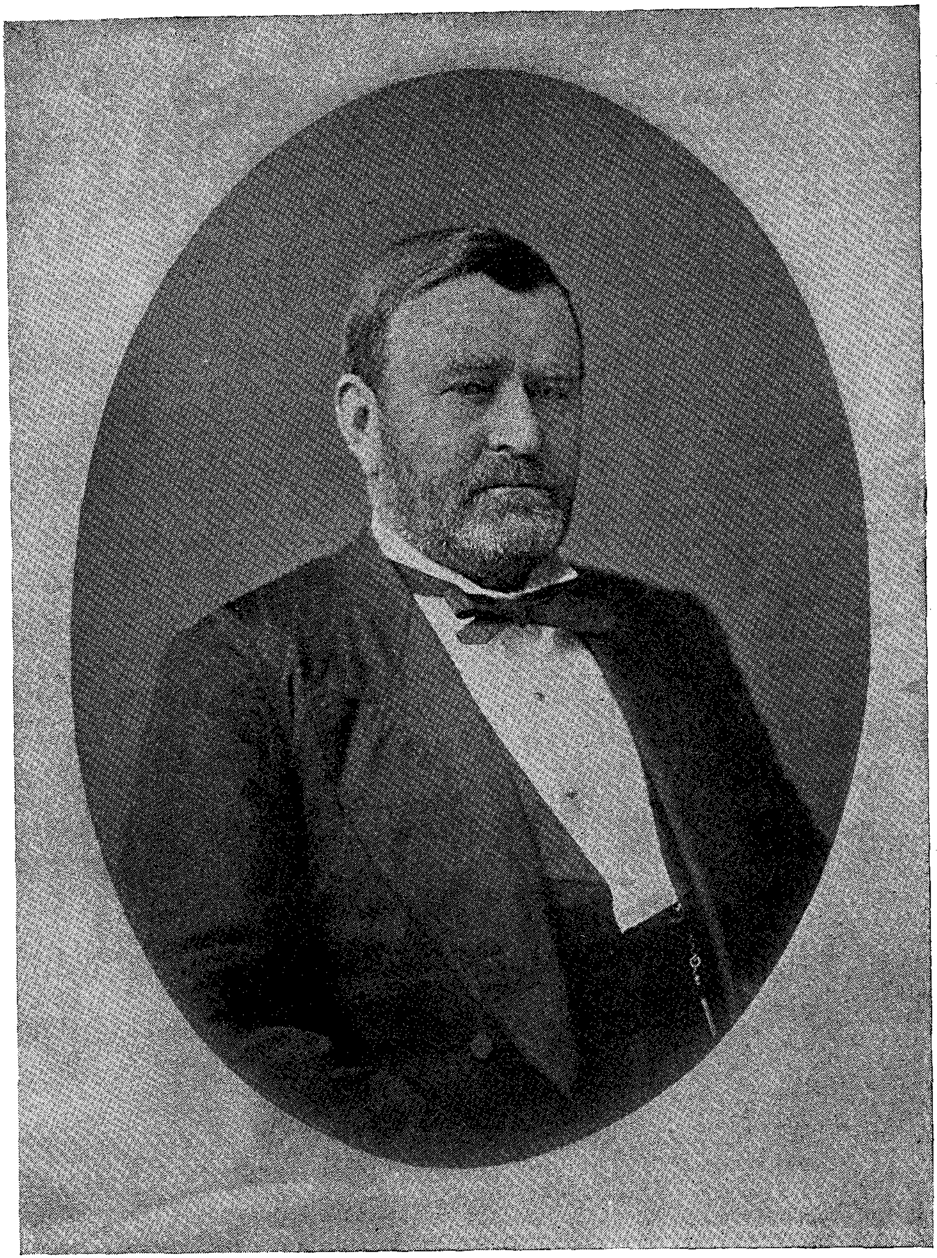
1868. AGE 46. NOT LONG BEFORE GRANT'S FIRST ELECTION AS PRESIDENT.



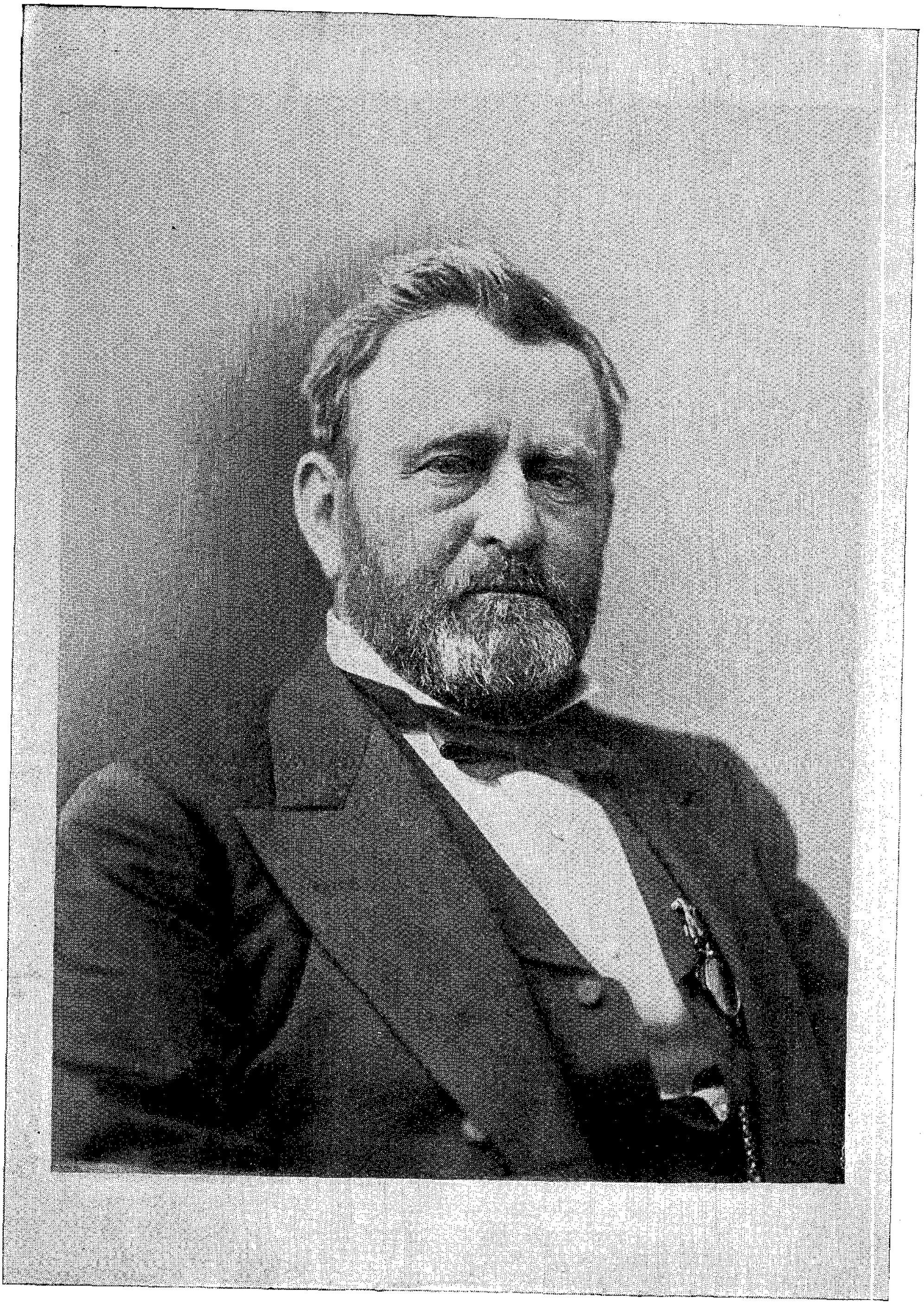
1869. AGE 47. SOON AFTER GRANT'S FIRST INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT.



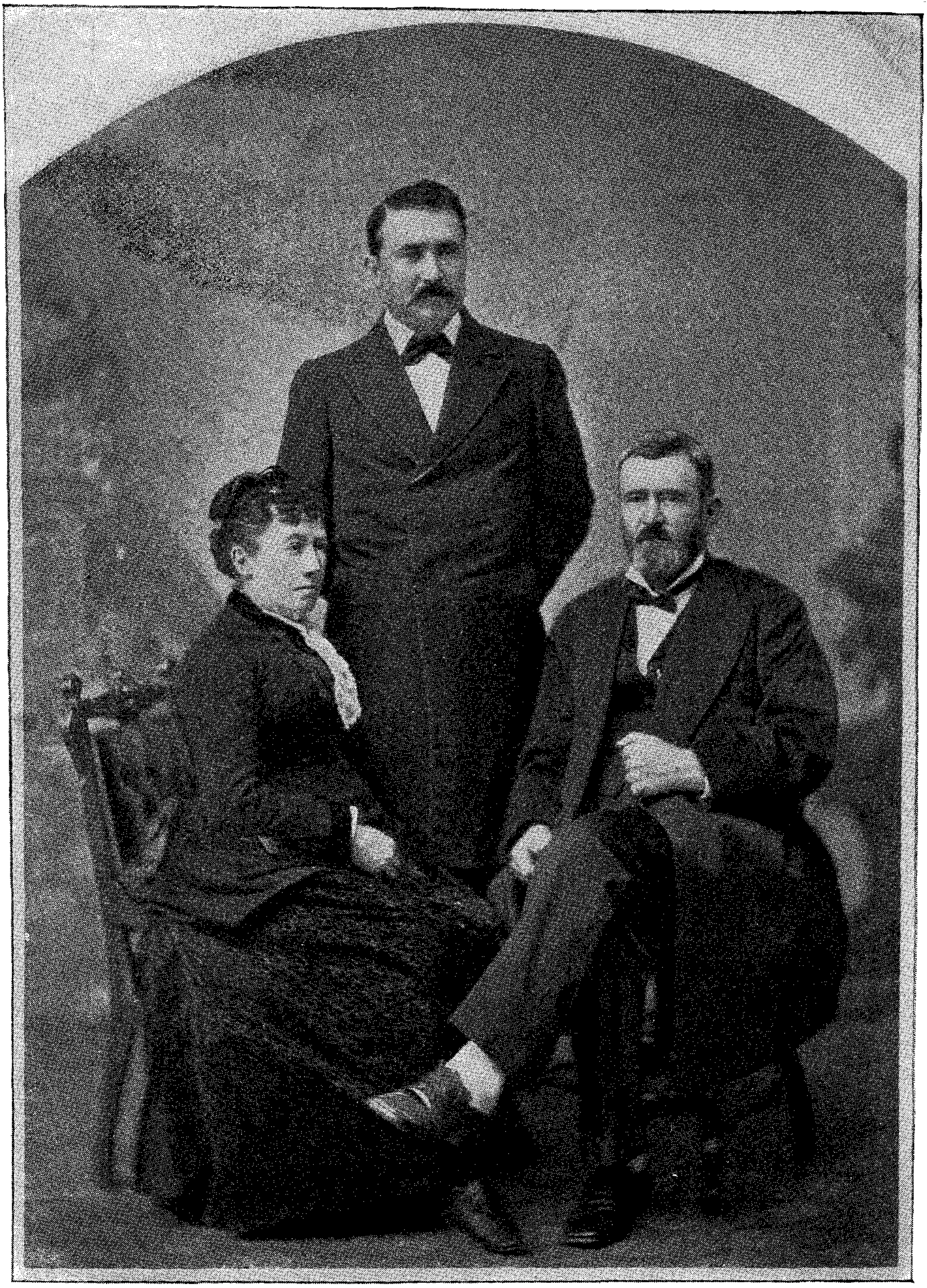
ABOUT 1872. AGE 50. KURTZ, PHOTOGRAPHER, NEW YORK.



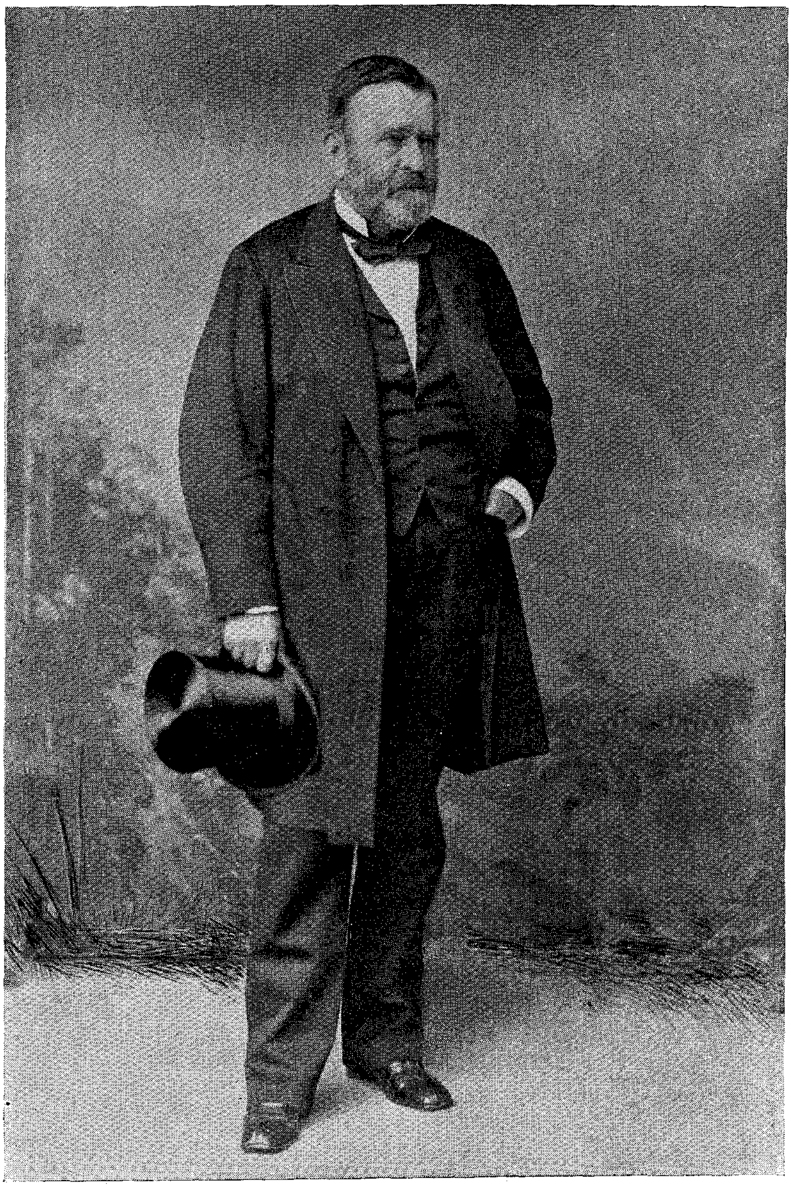
1873. AGE 51. AT THE BEGINNING OF GRANT'S SECOND TERM AS PRESIDENT. BRADY, PHOTOGRAPHER.



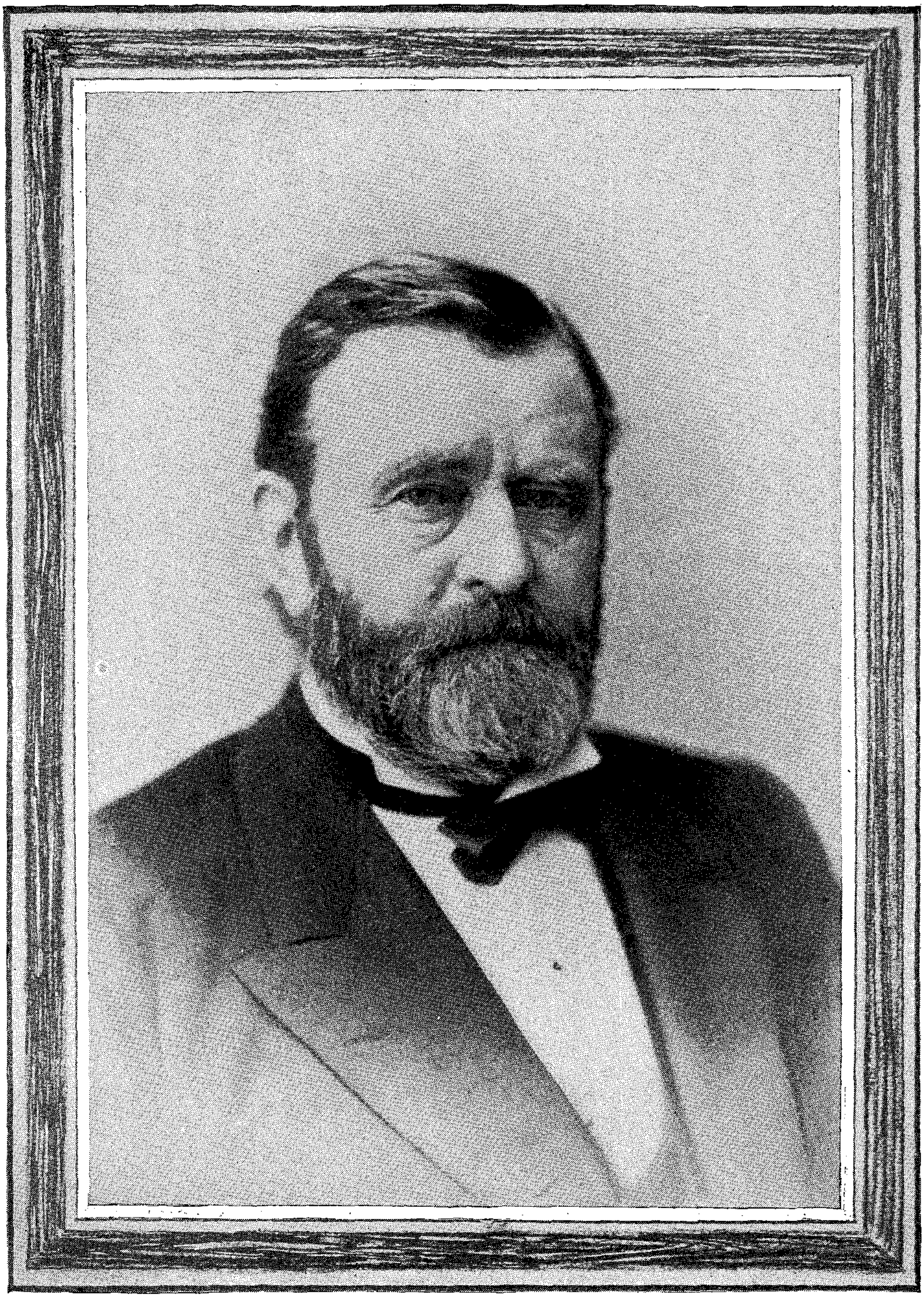
1876. AGE 54.



GENERAL GRANT, MRS. GRANT, AND THEIR ELDEST SON COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT. TAKEN BY TABER AT SAN FRANCISCO ON GRANT'S LANDING FROM THE VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD, SEPTEMBER 22, 1879.



1881. AGE 59. WHEN GRANT TOOK UP HIS RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK. W. KURTZ, PHOTOGRAPHER.



1882. AGE 60. FREDRICKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, NEW YORK.

[NOTE.—A portrait of General Grant as he appeared at Mt. McGregor, in the closing days of his life, will be found on page 540.]

SOME REMINISCENCES OF GRANT.

By O. O. Howard, Major-General U. S. A., and General Ely S. Parker.

I.

BEFORE General Grant became the President of the United States, he had his headquarters in the building just across Seventeenth Street from the old Navy Department, Washington, District of Columbia.

One morning in 18— he sent for me to come to his office. I promptly responded to the call. From the head of the stairway, finding his door open, I passed directly into his presence. He was alone, sitting at his desk. He turned and greeted me as usual, and asked me to take a seat. He then touched his bell, and said to the messenger, "Shut the door, and leave us by ourselves." As soon as we were seated together the General, with a pleasant smile, remarked: "General Howard, whatever may happen the next few months, you must not take too much of it to yourself. I cannot give you any detailed explanation, but knowing how sensitive you are against public censure, and knowing how little you deserve it, I thought I would warn you that some secret inspections are taking place in the Southern field, and say to you, that whatever reports are made, you ought not to shoulder the blame that may be imputed to employees."

Now, all this was not then very clear to me; yet, somehow, I felt the great kindness of the General himself, not only of his words, but of his manner.

In a few days the mystery was solved. In the bureau of which I had charge there were at the time some two thousand agents, scattered from Maryland to the Mexican border. The object of President Johnson and his advisers was to bring to a close a bureau which they deemed abnormal to our system of government.

Inspectors, with clerks and newspaper correspondents, were sent out by the President to every part of the South. They reported every delinquency that had been complained of on the part of a government official. The very sub-agents who had been reprimanded by me or discharged for misconduct, had their cases recalled, and were not only reported to the President, but the cases in detail were published in all the leading papers of the land, evidently with a view, not of correcting evils, but with the purpose of casting discredit upon the branch of the service of which I had charge.

I hardly need say that I did not attempt to shield myself, but identified myself as fully as possible with my assistant commissioners, whose names are to-day among the best in the land. Doubtless, had I followed the advice of General Grant, so well meant and given to me so kindly, I would have escaped much labor, expense, and obloquy, which for a time rested on my shoulders. The object of this reminiscence, however, is to recall and record the generous act of the General of the Army at that critical time.

General Grant never forgot a friend, nor left him without generous aid, when he could give it.

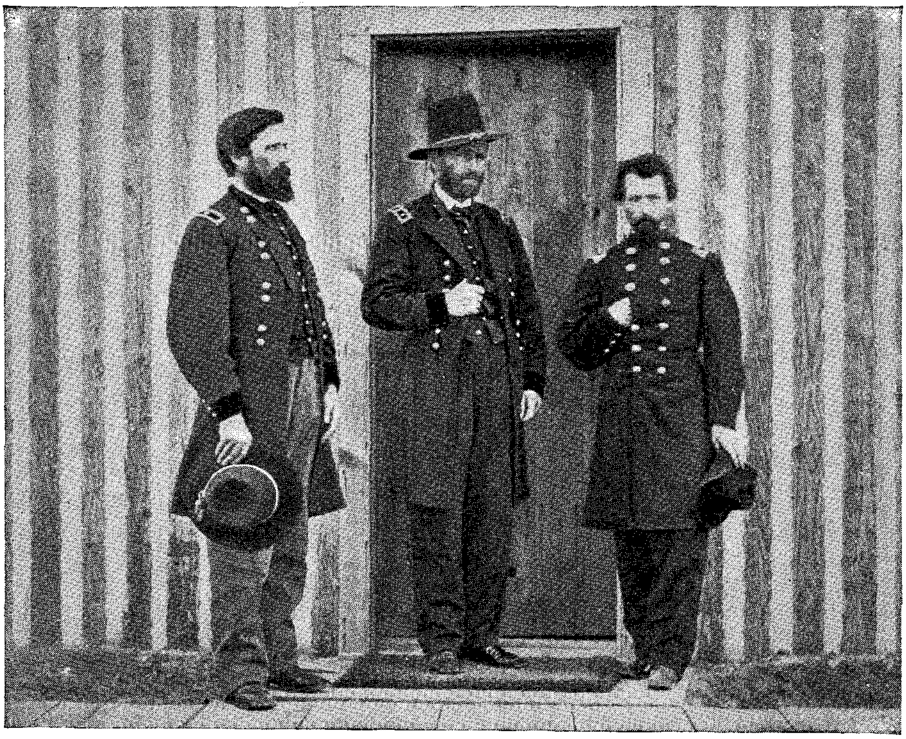
O. O. Howard.

II.

All military men know that orders emanating from proper authority must be obeyed and executed without question, and that officers and men entrusted with them must obey and execute them irrespective of the station or rank of the person or persons they may affect. President Lincoln once experienced the rigidity of military orders, when, late in the fall of 1864, he attempted to enter General Grant's Headquarters camp at City Point, Virginia, by crossing the sentinel's lines. He was promptly halted by the sentinel, and informed where the entrance to the camp was. He told the sentinel who he was, and explained his right to pass anywhere within the lines of the army. The sentinel was inexorable, simply replying that he might be all he claimed to be, but that the orders were positive not to let any one pass his line, and he would not. Lincoln was perforce compelled to go a little farther, and enter the camp at the proper entrance.

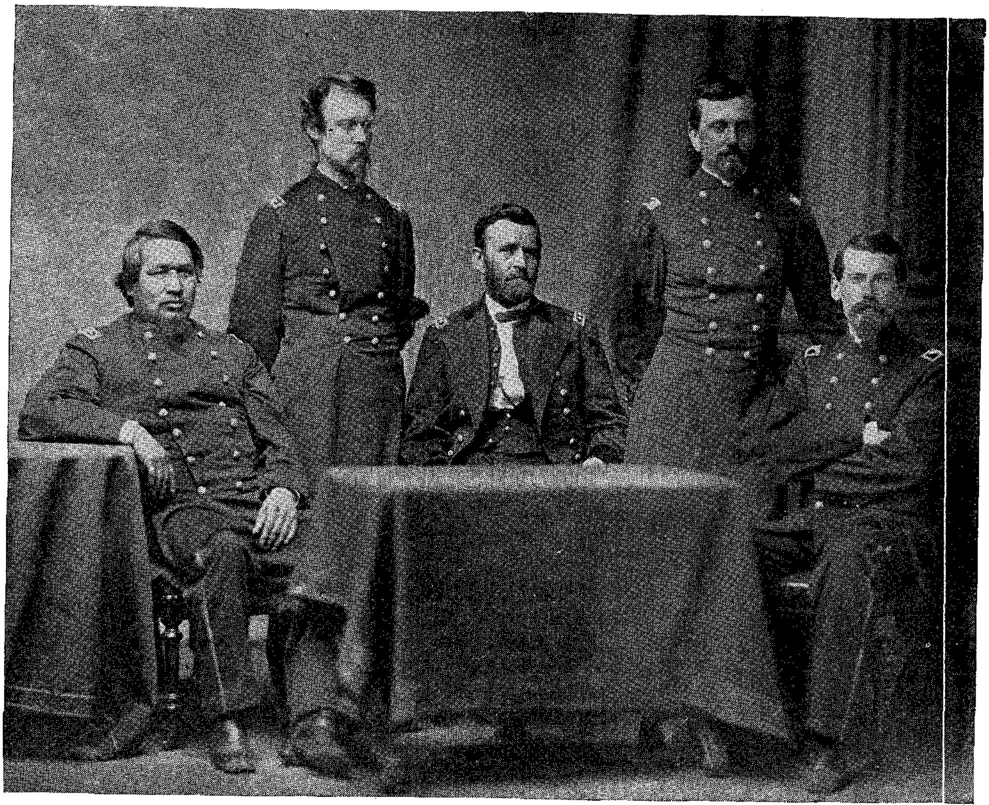
About the same time General Grant had an experience not similar, but which was another example of the inflexibility of military orders. After lunch one day, he asked me to accompany him in a walk along the Quartermaster's wharves. Accordingly, lighting our cigars, we descended the stairs to the Appomattox River, the foot of the stairs being about three hundred feet from the head of the wharf, on the James River. We walked leisurely to the wharf, enjoying our cigars. We had not gone far on the wharf when a sentinel halted us, saying: "Gentlemen, it is against orders to smoke on the wharf." Nothing more was said, but our cigars went into the river. A few moments later the General remarked: "I am sorry to lose my smoke, but the order is right." I cannot say whether or not the guard knew the General, but he knew his duty, and doubtless would have arrested us had we disobeyed him.

Smoking seemed to be a necessity to General Grant's general organism, rather than a luxury. With him it antagonized nervousness, and evidently was an aid to thought; for I often noticed that he smoked the hardest when in deep thought, or engaged in writing an important document. After the terrible battles about Spottsylvania in 1864, and when the second flank movement toward Richmond was in process of execution, he asked for paper on which to write a report to Washington of the battles, and of his future plans. As I sat only a few feet from him, I noticed



General J. A. Rawlins, Chief of Staff. General Grant. Colonel Bowers, Assistant Adjutant-General.

TAKEN AT CITY POINT HEADQUARTERS EARLY IN 1865.



Colonel Ely S. Parker. Colonel Badeau. General Grant. Colonel Babcock. Colonel Porter.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865 AT BOSTON, WHEN GRANT WAS RECEIVING PUBLIC WELCOMES THROUGHOUT THE NORTH AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

that he was smoking very hard, at times completely enveloping his face in the smoke. Finally, blowing it all away from him, he wrote his despatch, in which occurs the epigrammatic phrase, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"—a phrase that infused new life and confidence into the Northern mind. He smoked in the same manner when, near Appomattox, he received General Lee's last note, asking for a meeting with a view to surrender; and again when sitting with Lee in McLean's parlor, arranging the terms of surrender.

In 1865, as Grant was returning from a visit to West Point, New York, accompanied by his Assistant Adjutant-General, Colonel Bowers, a man greatly beloved by all who knew him, Colonel Bowers was killed at Garrison's Station by the cars. The next morning the staff found General Grant at Army Headquarters on Seventeenth Street, Washington. He looked haggard and nearly distracted with grief at the loss of a favorite officer. He said to the staff: "Gentlemen, Colonel Bowers was accidentally killed at Garrison's yesterday. I wish as many of you as can, to go to the funeral. I cannot go. The loss has come very near to me." To us this determination did not seem strange. We knew how devotedly he was attached to Colonel Bowers, who had been on his staff since the battle of Shiloh, and we knew, besides, how very tired he must be, having travelled all night to reach Washington. Nearly all the staff decided to go to the funeral, and left Headquarters to make the necessary preparations, agreeing to meet again at the railroad station. What was their surprise, on coming to the station, to find General Grant there, and to learn that he also was going back to the funeral.

In October, 1863, in going from Bridgeport, Alabama, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, to assume command of the Military Division of the Tennessee, General Grant halted for lunch on the summit of the mountains he was crossing. A sleet-storm was raging, compelling him to step into a log cabin for temporary shelter. This cabin had one large, square room, used for sleeping, sitting, and dining room, and also as a kitchen, or cooking-room. Here he found two or three women and several young children. They were all poorly and scantily clad; the furniture was mostly home-made, the bedding was scarce, and the larder apparently empty. When asked where their husbands and men-folks were, the simple reply of the women was, "Hiding in the mountains." Alas for them! they were Unionists; and to live at home was not safe. When asked if they had any provisions in the house, the women replied, "Yes, a little meal, but no meat." The General's heart was touched; and although supplies were low and his soldiers were as his own children, he left them an order on any trainmaster passing on the way to Chattanooga with provisions, to leave for this family a barrel of flour and one-half barrel of pork.

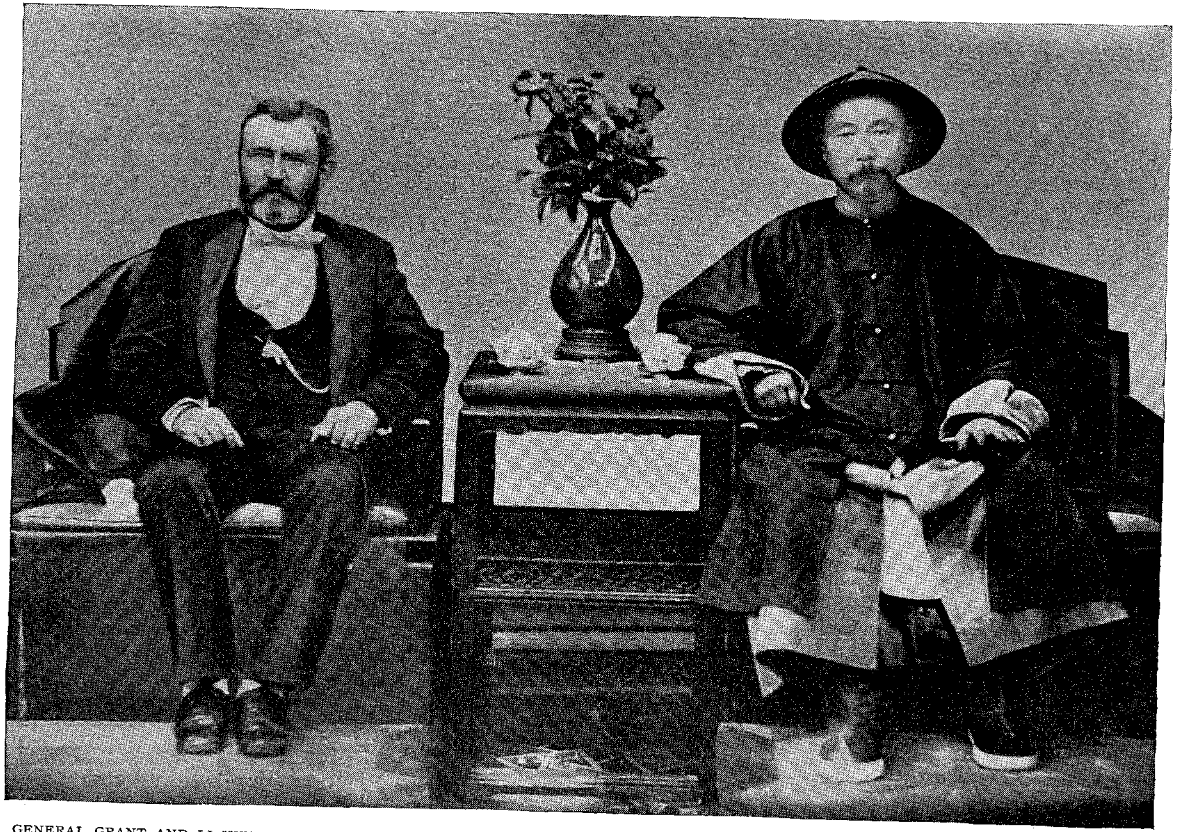
General Grant had no ear for music, and I shall close these little random reminiscences with an anecdote illustrating this defect. If, as we have been told, he who has no music in his soul, is fit for "treason, stratagems, and spoils," General Grant must be classed among the exceptions to this general statement. It was a frequent remark of his, that he did not know one tune from another, except "Yankee Doodle," "America," and the "Star-Spangled Banner." I recollect in 1870 once dining informally with him and his family in the White House. He had just been to Philadelphia, and while there was persuaded to attend an opera given at the Academy. My wife asked him how he had enjoyed it. He replied that he did not know. He had heard a great deal of noise, and had seen a large number of musicians, most of them violinists, sawing away upon their instruments. Here he exemplified by imitating with the carving knife and fork the actions of a violinist, and added that the noise they made was deafening, unintelligible, and confusing to him. ELY S. PARKER.

GENERAL GRANT'S GREATEST YEAR.

By T. C. CRAWFORD.

THE general esteem of the character and high qualities of General Grant naturally rests first upon the record of his military and political service. But in all the years of brilliant public achievement, when honors were showered upon him and success seemed to wait upon the slightest movement of his will, I find nothing that can compare with the patient self-denial, courage, and fortitude shown in the last year of his life. That is, in my judgment, his greatest year. A few days ago I uttered this opinion to Colonel Frederick D. Grant. Said he: "You are right. The last year of father's life was the most noteworthy, judged by any estimate of true greatness. His unswerving courage and patience at that time have given me my most cherished memories."

When General Grant returned home from his two years of triumphant journeying around the world, he was at the pinnacle of a world-wide fame. In 1881 he settled down to live as a private citizen in the city of New York. He was then only fifty-nine years of age. His children were well and happily married. In addition to what he had himself saved from his salary as President, a syndicate of admiring friends had raised for him a purse of $250,000, the income of which secured for him a future of tranquillity. Unlike most ex-Presidents, he was a power in poli-



GENERAL GRANT AND LI HUNG CHANG. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE VICEROY'S PALACE AT TIEN-TSIN, CHINA, JUNE, 1879, ON GENERAL GRANT'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

tics, and the importance of his good will was shown in the campaign of 1880, when, through the exercise of his kind spirit, the Republican factions in New York were reconciled and General Garfield's election secured. In 1884 some of his friends thought that his name would be presented to the Republican convention for further presidential honors.

The misfortunes which culminated early in the year 1884 eliminated him at once from political calculations. General Grant lost almost within a day his entire fortune, and was left so destitute of means as to have for the future almost no private resource. More than this, the fortunes of his children were involved in this financial loss, carrying down in the crash his natural allies. The amount of money lost by the Grant family was very great, being nearly two millions of dollars. When the firm of Grant & Ward collapsed on the 6th of May, 1884, few people in the country realized what that failure meant for General Grant. He had been tempted to make an investment in business. He first put $100,000 into the funds of Grant & Ward. He was one of the most innocent of the victims of that failure. His greatest mistake was in the permission of the use of his name in connection with the business of the firm. His special partnership made him liable for a very large amount.

More than this, he was placed in a very cruel and embarrassing position in relation to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. The night before the failure of the Marine Bank, which preceded the failure of Grant & Ward, General Grant called upon Mr. Vanderbilt and borrowed from him $150,000. This was upon representations of Ward that the bank would need the money for only a day's loan. General Grant obtained this money, and it merely passed through his hands into the gulf of loss. General Grant corrected his position toward Mr. Vanderbilt in the only way possible. He sent to him the title-deeds of his house, and turned over every bit of property owned by the family, even to his personal effects, which included all of the mementos and tokens received by him during his career as a soldier and a statesman. Mr. Vanderbilt acted with great generosity toward General Grant, and after the first explanation of the facts of the situation, placed the blame for the transaction upon the shoulders of Mr. Ward. He even went so far in his generosity as to seek to cancel the debt of General Grant, and to return the property in question to Mrs. Grant. As this property included her old home in St. Louis, it is but just to say that the generous proffer was a tempting one, but it was not accepted. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, was able to do one very gracious thing. He presented the personal mementos and tokens to the United States Government. So completely had General Grant stripped himself to satisfy this debt of honor from which he had not received one cent of profit, that at the time of his death there did not remain in the possession of the family even a uniform to clothe his body nor a sword to lay upon his coffin.

Beyond the losses which swept away everything, there were debts which General Grant thought should be met. The estate has paid since his death, from the sale of the book, $187,000 to take up paper of Grant & Ward's which bore the indorsement "U. S. Grant." This remarkable fact has never been made known to the public.

At the age of sixty-two General Grant found it necessary to begin the battle of life over again. He determined then to write his memoirs. His attention had been turned in this direction for some time, through the suggestions of his friends, and especially through the example of General Sherman. Following the failure of Grant & Ward he received offers from different publishers of such a character as to indicate to him that he might with his pen still be able to build up a competency for his family. His first contribution to literature had been published in December, 1882, in the "North American Review." This article was entitled "An Undeserved Stigma," and was a defence of General Fitz John Porter. As a means of raising immediate money, he first turned his mind to the preparation of four articles for the "Century Magazine."

In the summer of this same year (1884), General Grant's misfortunes culminated in the discovery of the cancer in his throat. His attention was first called to it at Long Branch when he experienced trouble in eating some peaches which were served during a dinner. He spoke to Mr. Childs about it. He said the acid of the peaches irritated his throat, which seemed to be sensitive. Mr. Childs asked him to let Dr. Da Costa, of Philadelphia, look at his throat. This eminent throat specialist discovered at once the cancerous nature of the trouble. He did not himself, however, break the news to General Grant. He advised him to go home at once and consult his family physician, Dr. Barker. Dr. Barker was privately notified, and when General Grant came to see him he suggested the calling in of Dr. Douglas, who was at that time one of the most noted throat specialists of New York. Dr. Douglas told General Grant, after making a careful examination, that the trouble was a very serious one, and although the nature of the malady was disguised under technical forms of speech, yet General Grant discovered very quickly the actual truth.

He said to his son, Colonel Grant, who accompanied him during the first visits to Dr. Douglas's office for treatment: "I know very well what is the matter with me. It is a cancer. It makes no difference what phrase the doctor uses to describe the trouble, I have found out that it is really a cancer; that it cannot be cured, that I cannot live over a year, and that my remaining days will be days of pain and suffering. If I could have my choice, I should prefer to die now; but to obtain death immediately would simply mean suicide, and that is always the act of a weak and cowardly man."

Thus in addition to a financial loss involving himself and the various members of his family in amounts approaching nearly $2,000,000, General Grant had now to face a painful and protracted illness under a disease of the most terrible character. With cancer the patient suffers without respite. The testimony of those who were nearest to General Grant all through that period of pain is uniform as to his high courage, his perfect serenity, and the patience with which he bore this accumulation of afflictions. Dr. Douglas, the physician who attended him, said that he never heard from him one word of complaint, and that in the most extreme of his sufferings he never even sighed or expressed a word of regret. Colonel Grant says that, aside from the first expression of bitterness upon the part of his father, quoted above, when he learned the true nature of the malady, he never said anything indicative of impatience or lack of courage.

But beyond the strength exhibited in this patience and courage was the extraordinary display of will and self-denial shown in the assumption of the task of preparing his "Memoirs." The work in those two volumes might well have occupied a man trained to literary work several years, yet they were completed within the short time left to General Grant, and it can be said that every line was either dictated by General Grant himself or written with his own hand. I know this, and have seen the original manuscripts. The strength of will which sustained him through this task never relaxed. He dictated until his voice was gone; and then he wrote page after page, completing the last chapter of twelve thousand words only four days before he died.

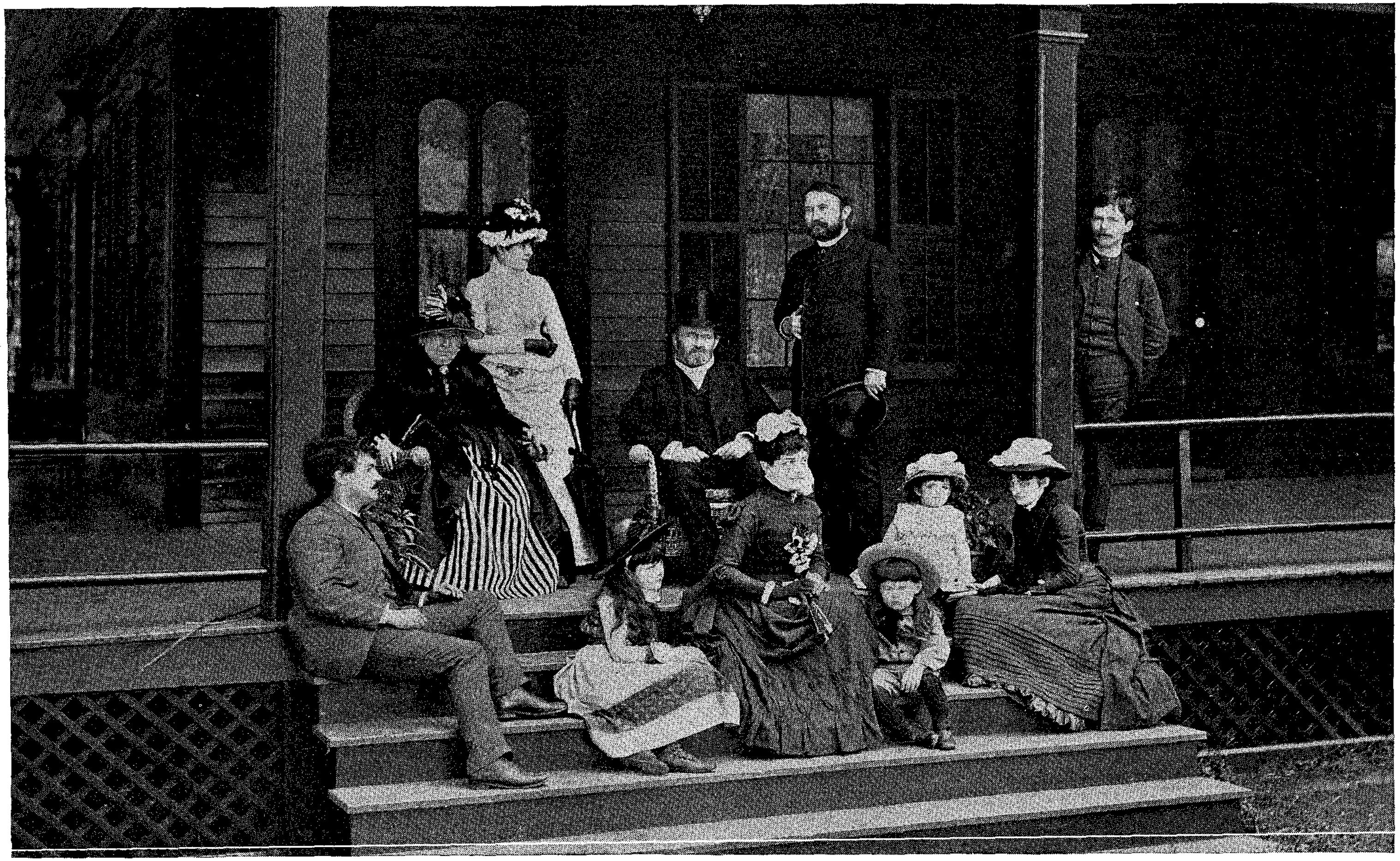
Never was there a more brilliant success following such labor. No book written in this country has ever returned such a large reward. At the time of this writing the Grant family has received from the royalties paid by the publishers of the work over $440,000, and the sale still goes on. The cheaper edition, which the publishers are now about to bring out, may result in another phenomenal sale; so that it is within the range of probability that the "Memoirs" may yield in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million of dollars to General Grant's heirs.

General Grant's writings demonstrate that he could have made an earlier success in the field of literature had he so desired. The character of the "Memoirs" now completely refutes the slanderous reproach of illiteracy put upon him during the period of his military and political career. I was stationed as a correspondent at Washington during the second term of General Grant's Presidency, and even at that late day I used to hear that every one of his messages as President was written for him. In truth, nearly all of the messages were written by his own hand. The manuscripts are now in the possession of Colonel Grant. The fact that he was a graduate of one of the best colleges in this country, West Point, itself should have made such stories impossible. But in those days party passion ran high. Even after his death a few detractors sought to take from him the credit of the preparation of his "Memoirs." In that work he employed clerks and secretaries to gather material for him, after the fashion of any historian who saves himself from drudgery to leave his mind clear for the literary presentation of his task. In every essential point the work is General Grant's from the first to the last; and proof of his literary ability that can be denied by no one is shown in the final pages of the work, which were written by his own hand. The handwriting of General Grant in itself was the handwriting of a refined, cultivated man, showing in no way any lack of ease. The final contract for the publication of the "Memoirs" was not made until the 27th of February, 1885. The writing of the work was then well in hand, and was finished on the 19th of July, General Grant dying on the 23d of the same month.

The splendid patience with which during this time General Grant carried his excessive burdens was not at first generally understood, but as a knowledge of his sufferings and of his courage became known to the country, public opinion was brought to bear upon a Congress which was politically unfriendly to him, so that upon the 4th of March of this year he received from Congress the honor of being restored to the retired list of the army with his old rank as General. This was the one great pleasure of this dark year of work and suffering. The stimulus of the news so buoyed him up for a short time that the more sanguine people among those about him began to talk of the possibility of a favorable operation and a recovery. But General Grant himself never labored under any delusion regarding his condition. With characteristic gentleness he allowed those who would to hope, and never gave his own opinion to any one except to his physician.

I was at Mount McGregor during the month preceding General Grant's death, and had frequent opportunities of talking with Dr. Douglas. His devotion to his patient was never surpassed. He practically sacrificed his life and professional career to General Grant, and he should have received some suitable recognition at the hands of Congress. He was then about the age of General Grant, and had not the strength to endure the constant watching, and the drain upon his sympathies. He could hardly speak of his patient then without tears in his eyes. The patient and the physician were in close sympathy. During the closing days, when General Grant was unable to use his voice, he had constantly at his hand a memorandum pad and a pencil. These he employed to write messages to those about him. In the intervals of writing upon his "Memoirs" he would address upwards of a dozen notes a day to Dr. Douglas. One of the most notable of these communications was written on the 2d of July, the month in which he died. It shows General Grant's full knowledge of what he was facing, and his regard for those about him. It is as follows:

"I ask you not to show this to any one except the physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it, and they (the family) will get it. It would only distress them, almost beyond endurance, to know it, and by reflex action would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain strength some days, but when I do go back it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the



GENERAL GRANT AND HIS FAMILY AT MOUNT McGREGOR.

chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of weather toward winter. Of course there are contingencies that might arise at any time that would carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking. Under the circumstances life is not worth the living. I am very thankful [" glad " was first written, but scratched out and " thankful " substituted] to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it, and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me and are not likely to suggest themselves to any one else. Under the above circumstances I will be the happiest the most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say therefore to you and your colleagues to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur. I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions towards me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, or all religions, and of no religion, of Confederates and of National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious, and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart if they have not effected a cure. So to you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things.

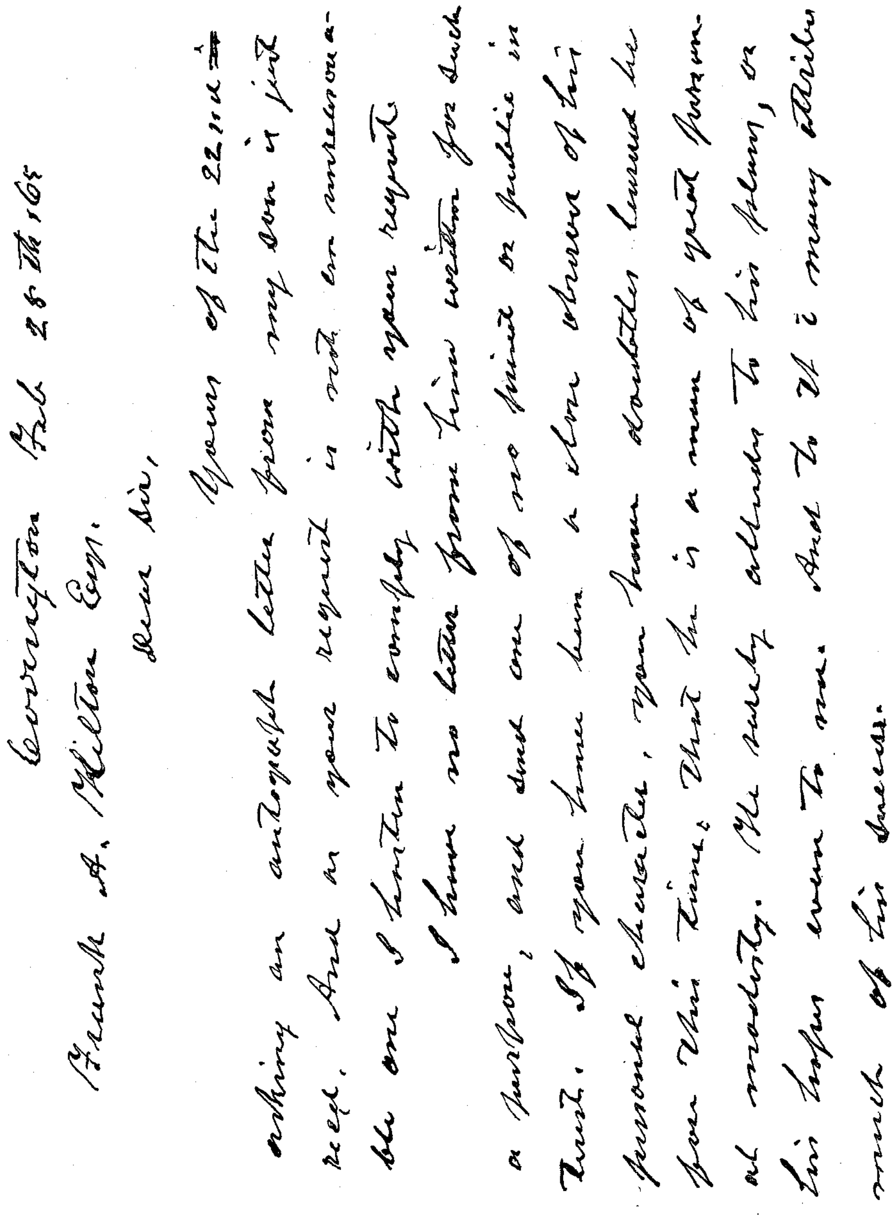
" U. S. GRANT.

" MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y., *July* 2, 1885."

Dr. Douglas said that at no time during these final struggles did General Grant show any fear of death. About a month before his death they had a general discussion upon the subject. The General then asked his physician to give him the exact details of the climax of the disease and to indicate to him the method of his final taking off, whether by hemorrhage or choking, so that he could be prepared with a full knowledge to meet his fate, however severe it might be. Dr. Douglas was able to assure him that the end would be a peaceful one and relatively free from pain. Dr. Douglas further affirmed at this time that the reports that General Grant was frequently under the influence of morphine, to enable him to endure the pain, were untrue. He would rarely consent to its use, as he thought it would affect the character of his literary work, and so he preferred to bear the pain and leave his mind clear for the task that he had in hand. Cocaine was principally used for his relief.

An extract from a private letter written by Dr. Douglas upon the 2d of August following General Grant's death summarizes, in brief but eloquent phrases, his estimate of General Grant's character made during these months of intimate companionship. He said: " Nine months of close attention to him have only endeared him to me. I have learned to know him as few only can know him. The world can know him as a great general, as a successful politician; but I know him as a patient, self-sacrificing, gentle, quiet, uncomplaining sufferer, looking death calmly in the face and counting almost the hours he had to live, and those hours were studied by him that he might contribute something of benefit to some other fellow-sufferer. If he was great in his life, he was even greater in his death. Not a murmur, not a moan, nor a sigh, from first to last. He died as he had lived, a true man."

Living in the atmosphere of the closing scenes of General Grant's life, I became his ardent admirer. Never in my experience of studying the traits of prominent men near at hand have I found so much to challenge admiration as in this close study of the character of General Grant. And when death finally came and ended his sufferings, it was with a sense of personal loss that I walked behind the mourners who followed the purple-covered coffin. It was borne by military bearers under the direction of General Hancock, one of the great figures of the late civil war, and everywhere there were to be seen military trappings and glistening uniforms; but the great soldier lay clad in a civilian suit, and upon the coffin was no sign of his career as a soldier.



Covington Feb 28th 65

Frank A. Hilton Esq.

Dear Sir,

Yours of the 22nd asking an autograph letter from my son is just recd. And as your request is not an unreasonable one I hasten to comply with your request.

I have no letter from him written for such a purpose, and send one of no private or public interest. If you have been a close observer of his personal character, you have doubtless learned before this time, that he is a man of great personal modesty. He rarely alludes to his glory, or his honors even to me. And to it I may attribute much of his success.

NOTE.—The above facsimile is from the original letter, now in the Civil War Collection of Mr. James Coster. What the letter says is this :

COVINGTON, [KY.], *Feb.* 28*th*, 65.

FRANK A. HILTON ESQR.

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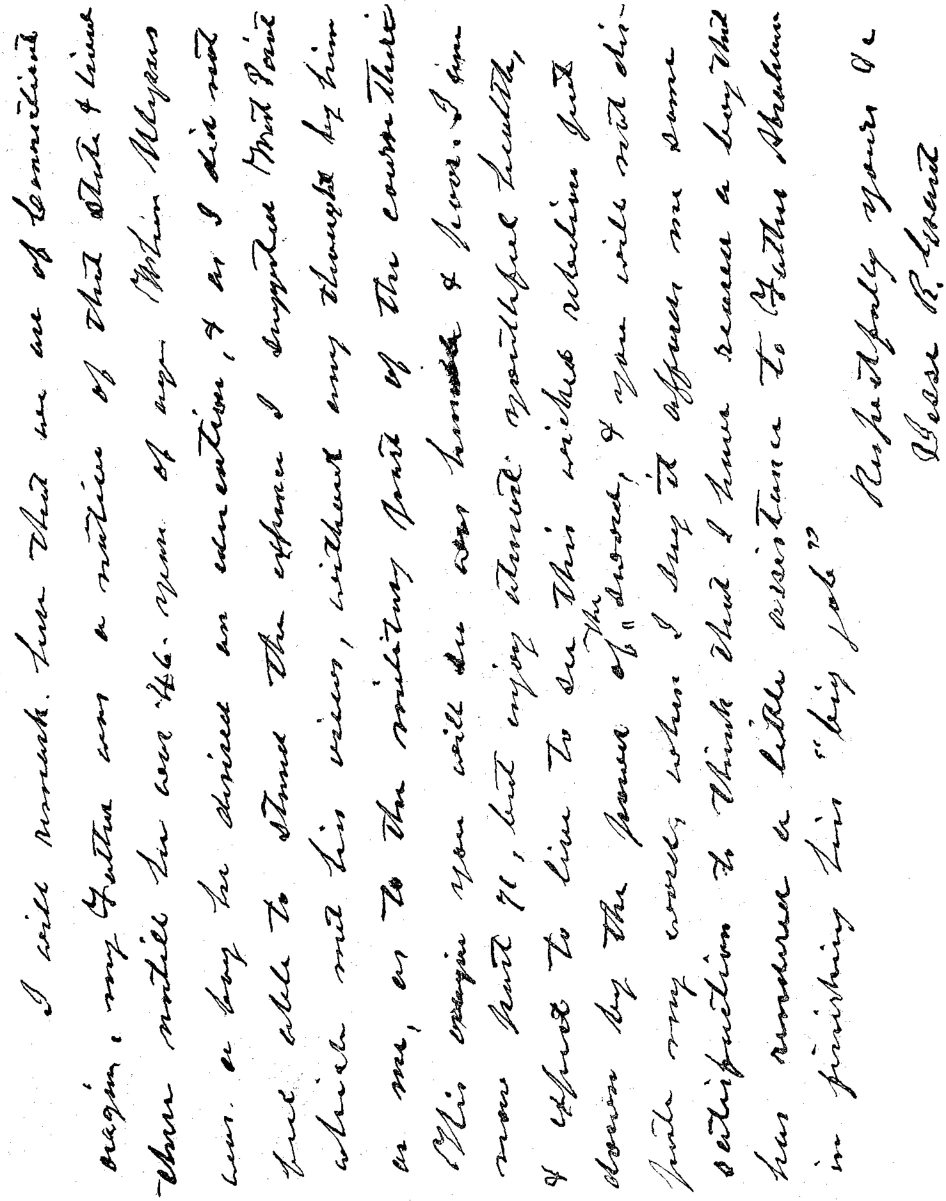

I will remark here that we are of Connecticut
oragin, my Father was a native of that state & lived
there until he was 46 years of age. When Ulysses
was a boy he desired an education, & as I did not
feel able to stand the expense I suggested West Point
which met his views, without any thought by him
or me, as to the military part of the course there.
His oragin you will see was humble & poor. I am
now past 71, but enjoy utmost youthful health,
& expect to live to see this wicked rebellion put
down by the power of the sword, & you will not dis-
pute my word, when I say it affords me some
satisfaction to think that I have reared a boy that
has rendered a little assistance to Father Abraham
in finishing his "big job"

Respectfully yours &c
Jesse R. Grant

man of great personal modesty. He rarely alludes to his plans, or his hopes even to me. And to it many attribute much of his success.

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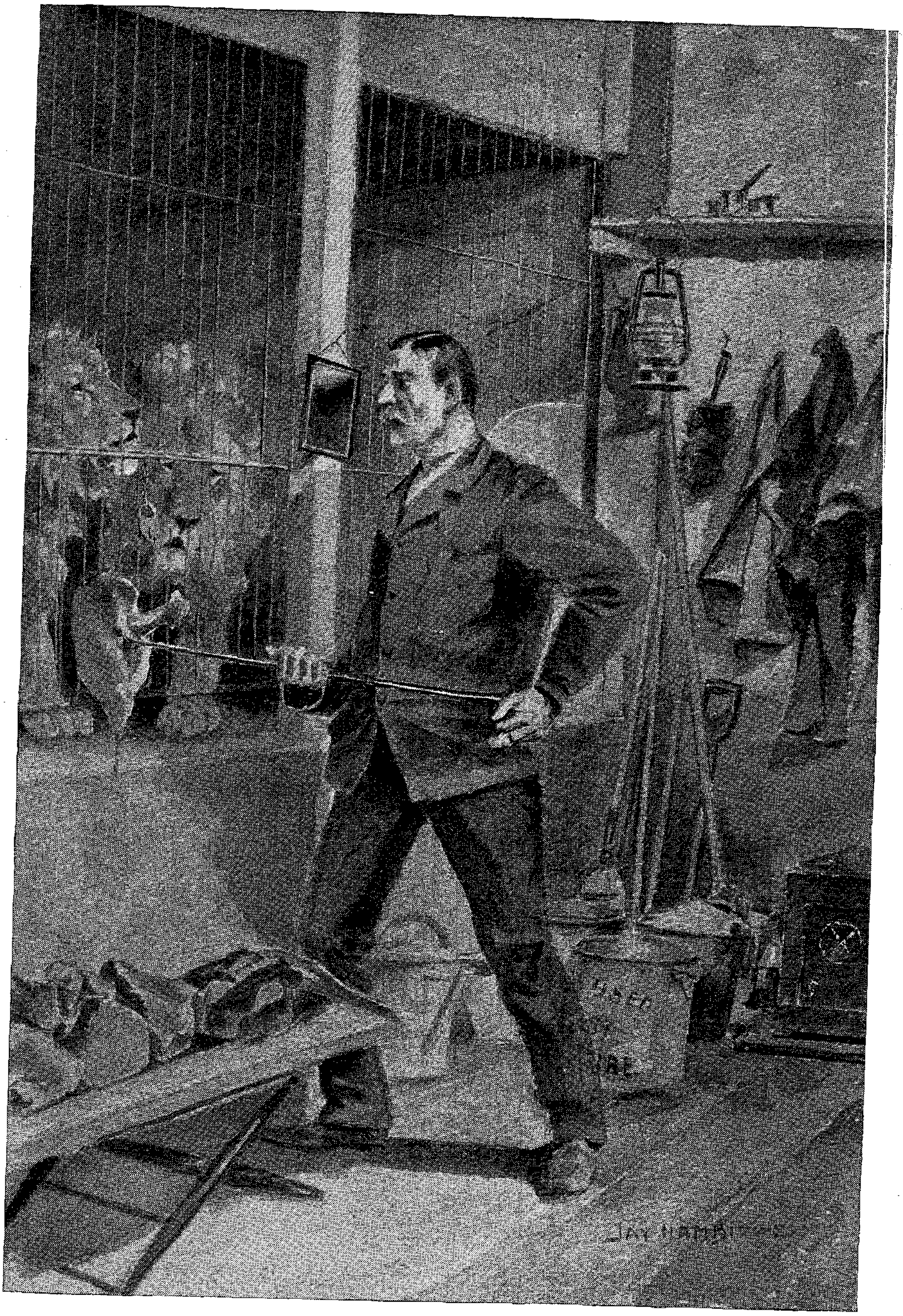


MARTIN SOBIN FEEDING HIS LIONS.

Martin Sobin, who has been the keeper of the Darling group of lions for the last five years, was once a champion wrestler and athlete, and caught cannon-balls, and lifted one thousand pounds four feet. He was also one of the trainers of Sandow. The Darling group has a distinct individuality, in that each animal is like a big kitten, ever ready for a frolic. Even at feeding-time they seem much more anxious to get Sobin's attention for a little play than to get the meat he is offering them. [Note by the artist.]

WILD BEASTS AND THEIR KEEPERS.

HOW THE ANIMALS IN A MENAGERIE ARE TAMED, TRAINED, AND CARED FOR.

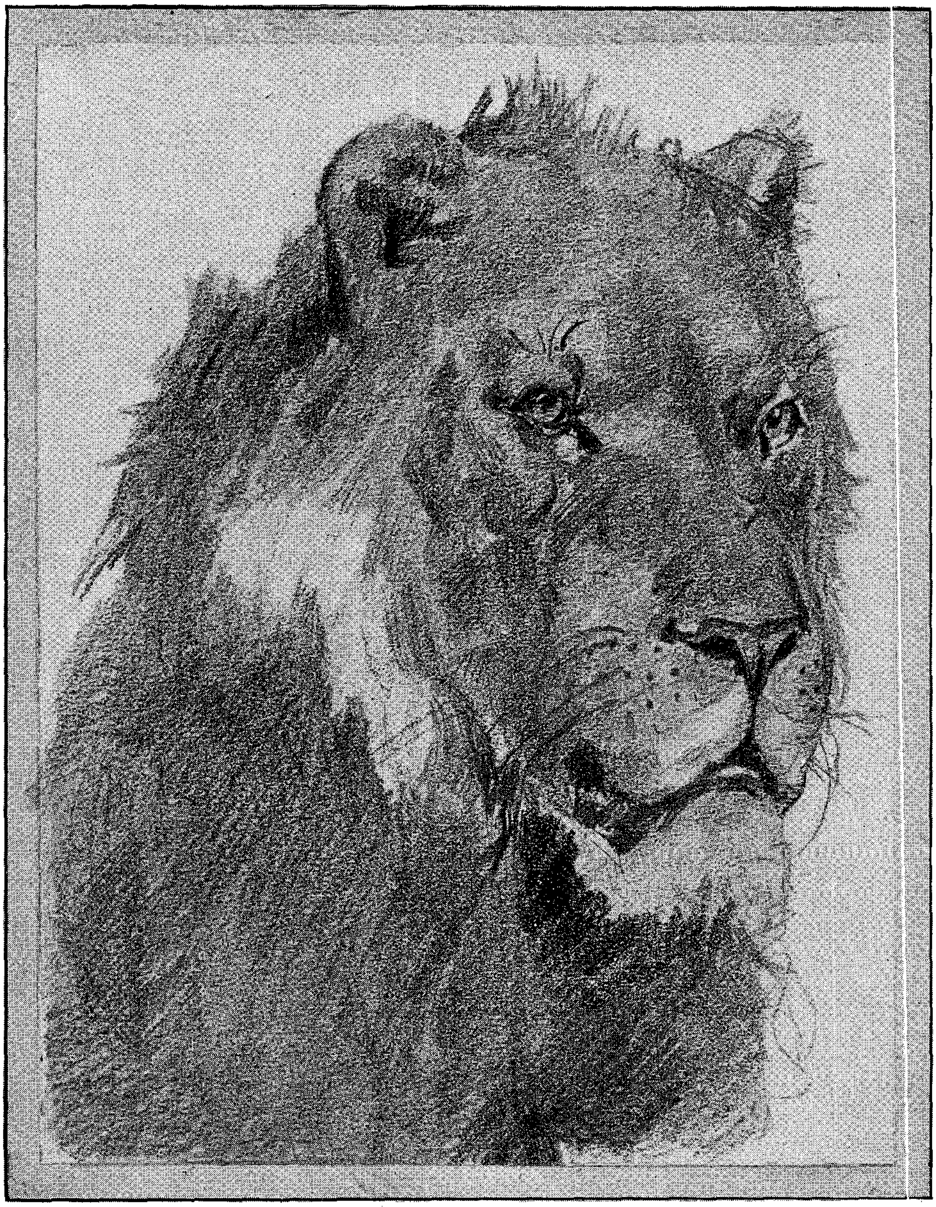
By Cleveland Moffett.

With pictures from life, by J. Hambidge.

THE best part of a wild beast show is never seen by the public, for the most thrilling and dangerous feats are done outside the ring. For many weeks I made diligent use of a special privilege to go and come at will, by day or by night, among the cages of the great Hagenbeck show, and study the animals in all their moods. One day I watched two beautiful leopards hurl themselves like spotted balls from side to side and end to end of the cage, and from floor to ceiling, making bounds of ten or twelve feet in the air,—for leopards are the strongest jumpers of all known beasts. As they leaped gracefully, lightly, they kept up a deep roaring, almost equal to a lion's. They were not angry; they were merely playing. But when two leopards play in a cage big enough for their prodigious agility, it is a great sight. One day I saw Charlie, a Bengal tiger, bend an iron bar as thick as my thumb with one stroke of his forearm. Another day I had a sight worth a long day's journey, when the coquettish lioness Mignon flirted with the lion Pollux, and the jealous Prince, with roars of defiance, sprang upon his favored rival, and fought him with fang and claw. None of this was on the programme.

Nor was it on the programme, the terrific fight which took place between Pollux and Prince on the day the animals arrived in New York from Chicago. Whether it was that they had been excited by the railway journey, or that Mignon appeared to them unusually attractive after the separation of the journey, after they were turned loose in the large cage a terrible roaring was heard. Hurrying to the cage, the chief groom Fritz found Pollux and Prince struggling with each other in a deadly embrace, now rolling on the floor with heavy fall, now lunging at each other with murderous fangs. There was no play in this. Both were after blood; and Fritz saw at once that it would be certain death for even him to enter the cage. While the fight was in progress three other lions and two tigers in the same cage stood drawn away, as if to leave the ground free to the combatants, and only testified their interest in the combat by roaring with mighty force from the sides where they were crouching. The lioness Mignon, meantime, dashed about in a corner furiously, as if to spur on the two rivals to fiercer efforts. Presently Prince, indifferent to the heavy blows from Pollux's paws, fastened his fangs in his adversary's fore-leg and hung fast with all his power. Dragging him by main strength along the floor, he flung him directly at Mignon's feet, as if in proof to her of his prowess; and then he rose and roared, as if to challenge Pollux to a second round. But Pollux had had enough; he was badly wounded, and whining with pain. He skulked away to the opposite side of the cage, leaving the floor wet with blood in his trail. Seeing this, Prince shook his mane and roared until the whole place quivered, a lion's pæan of victory. Then he turned to Mignon, as if for commendation, but got a sweeping blow from her paw. Then followed a fight between them.

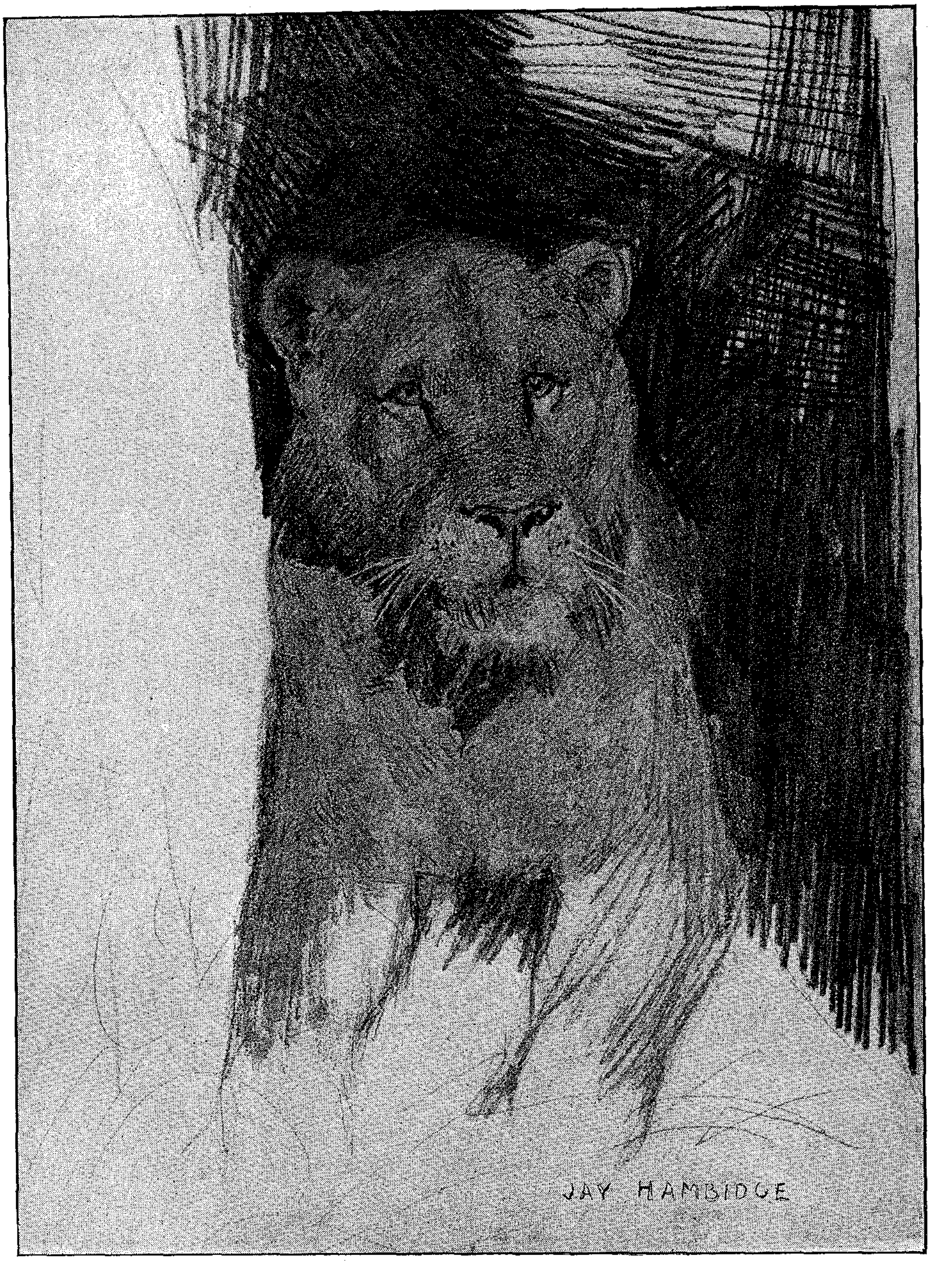
Whether Prince would have punished Mignon as badly as he had punished Pollux is a question. Perhaps gallantry would have kept him from putting forth his whole strength. The point was not settled, because the grooms, armed



PRINCE, THE MANELESS SOUTH AFRICAN LION.

with iron prongs, entered the cage and separated the fighters. The task was not accomplished, though, until the grooms had got several scratches themselves.

Besides the regular tamers, whom the public know from having seen them at their work, there are some obscurer heroes in a wild beast show, namely, the grooms. These are the men who *live* among the wild beasts; who go into their cages every day, and sleep within a few feet of the iron bars in order to be ready for any emergency. They chain and unchain the animals, give them meat and drink, take away the bones from under their hungry jaws, separate them when their blood is up and they are fighting to kill, and treat and attend them when sick or



THE AFRICAN LIONESS VENUS.

Venus is an African lioness, born three and one-half years ago in Hamburg, Germany. She is one of the best developed and most intelligent lionesses in captivity, but her usefulness as a performer has been retarded by an accident. Venus is as gentle and playful as a kitten; and when one stops in front of her cage she evinces the liveliest curiosity in anything carried in the hand or about the person, and, by her squirmings and twistings and leaps, asks as plainly as with speech for a romp. Thus she is a great pet. As I sat sketching her, Mr. Mehrman, who had stopped to watch me, said: "If you will observe, you will find that Venus has the most sympathetic face of any of the animals. See the width between the eyes, and also the fullness of the eye, the graceful and full line of the face, and the good-natured drop of the jaw." [Note by the artist.]

wounded. They come to be to the wild beasts a sort of personal companion, now rolling about with them in play upon the straw, now driving them off with word or blow when a murderous mood takes them. When in the public ring a tamer is bitten by a lion, they run in and fight back the foe whom his own master can no longer control. They assist the professional tamers in breaking in new or unruly animals, and they are ready at a moment's notice to do what the professional tamers never do, that is, to enter the cages of the wild beasts in the darkness of night. The famous tamer Philadelphia, for instance, who is certainly not lacking in courage, told me that he would not take such a risk for the whole of New York City.

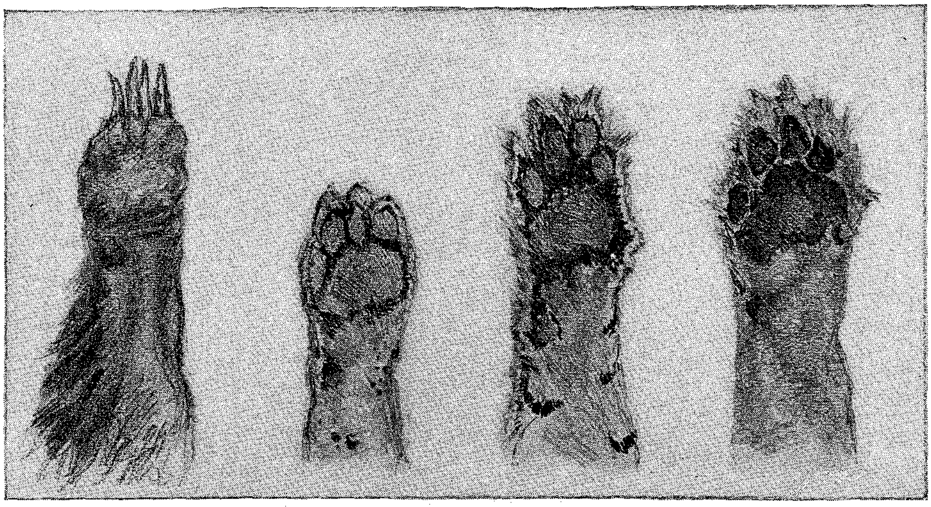
From living thus in an atmosphere of perpetual danger, these grooms come to have a curious indifference to claws and fangs. They know perfectly well that they are exposed every day to death or mutilation, and yet they carry no weapon into the cages save a little wooden club, and not always that. They know that the animals are treacherous; they have seen comrades carried away dead or grievously wounded; and yet they go on every day of their lives doing as a matter of course what even the professional tamer would hesitate to undertake.

PHILADELPHIA AND HIS DANGEROUS LION, BLACK PRINCE.

Every one must admire a man who can bear pain and face danger. The lion-tamer, William Philadelphia, is such a man. Many times I had watched him in his "act" with Black Prince, and wondered whether the lion was really in earnest as he struck and roared with such apparent viciousness, or whether he had simply been trained to play a part. Certainly the lion looked as if his one desire was to kill the little man who teased him so with rod and whip, smiling all the time under his yellow mustache.

One night Black Prince sprang ten feet through the air straight at Philadelphia, who saved his life by dodging, but did not escape the sweep of the lion's forearm. No one knew that, however, for the tamer showed no sign of injury, but brought his heavy whip down with a stinging cut over the lion's head, and went through the "act" holding a handkerchief to his face now and then, but smiling as before. When he left the ring it was found that one of the lion's claws had laid his cheek open almost from eye to lip, and yet the man was smiling.

A GROOM'S PET.

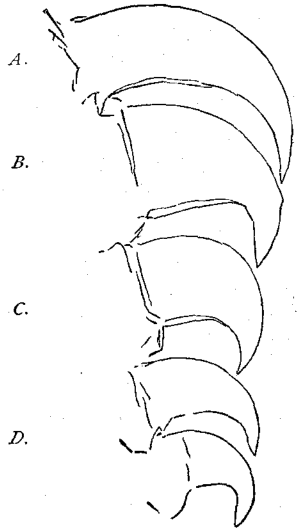


STUDIES IN PAWS MADE WHILE THE GROOMS WERE HOLDING THE PAWS OF EACH ANIMAL STRAIGHT AGAINST THE BARS OF THE CAGES. FIRST ON THE RIGHT IS THE PAW OF THE CEYLON SLOTH BEAR "JOHNNIE;" THEN OF THE LEOPARD "NIGER," OF THE TIGER "CASTOR," AND OF THE LION "POLLUX."

"He meant to kill me," said Philadelphia, as his face was being bound up.

"We will never show that lion again," said the manager, much excited.

"Oh, yes, we will!" answered the wounded tamer. "I will make him work to-morrow as usual." And he did, teasing and prodding him that day as never before, as if daring him to do his worst.



A. Polar bear. B. Lion. C. Tiger. D. Leopard.

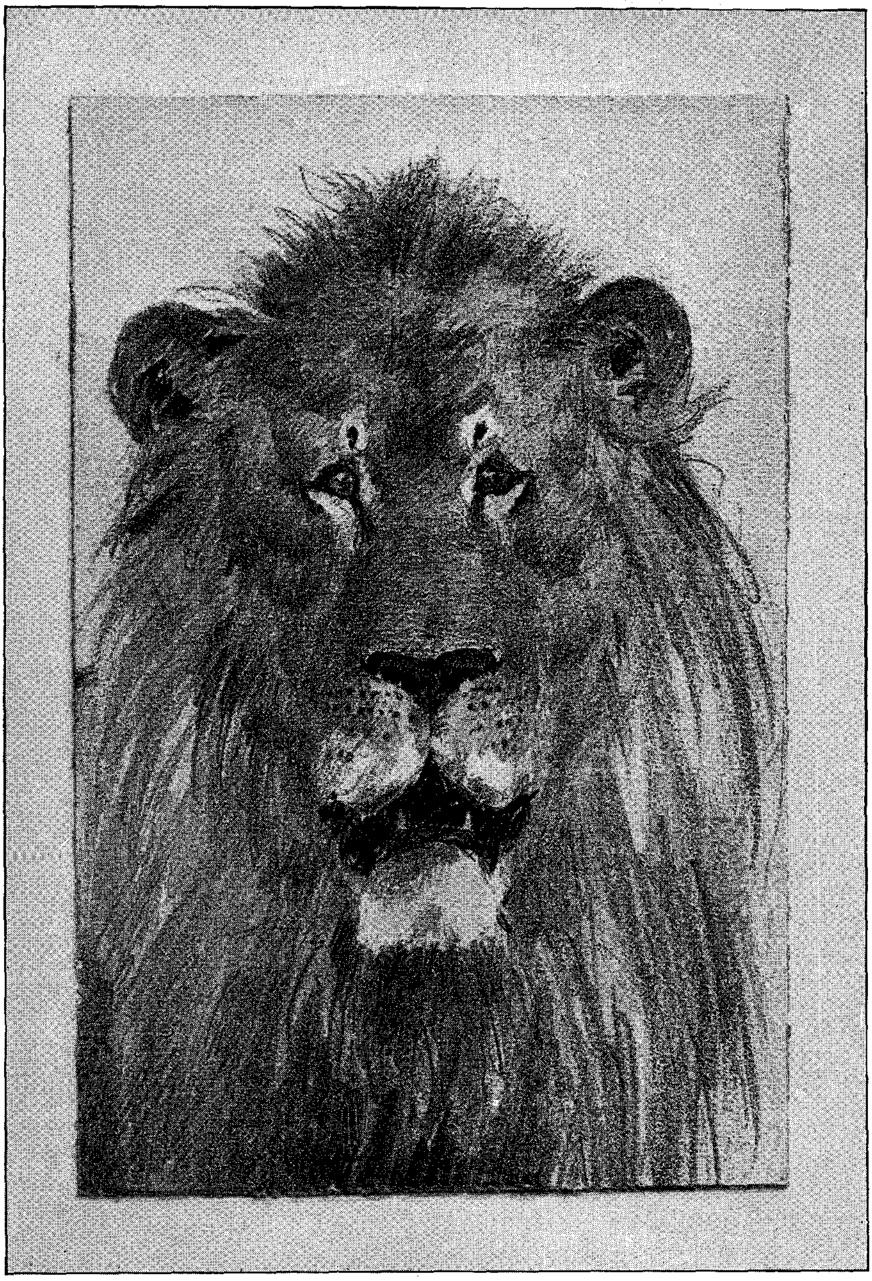
COMPARATIVE SIZES OF CLAWS. OUTLINES DRAWN FROM WATCH CHARMS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE GROOMS (HALF-SIZE REDUCTION).

As the weeks passed it grew more and more clear that Black Prince, either through some change in his own disposition or through some change in Philadelphia's handling of him, was getting out of Philadelphia's control. Still Philadelphia continued to take the risk, in spite of protests from the management. First he tried only one performance a day, instead of two, hoping thus to placate Prince's smouldering wrath; but Prince only snarled and growled the more fiercely, and steadily grew worse.

"Philadelphia may be caught any day," one of the other trainers said to me; but still Philadelphia persisted.

The climax came one night in January, when Black Prince came within an ace of killing the daring tamer outright, and certainly would have done so had not his attention been diverted just at the critical moment by the horse he was riding. He paused in the very act of springing, as if to decide whether he would destroy the man or the horse, and in that pause allowed the tamer to get on his guard, while the watchful grooms rushed in through the iron gates and drove Prince from the ring.

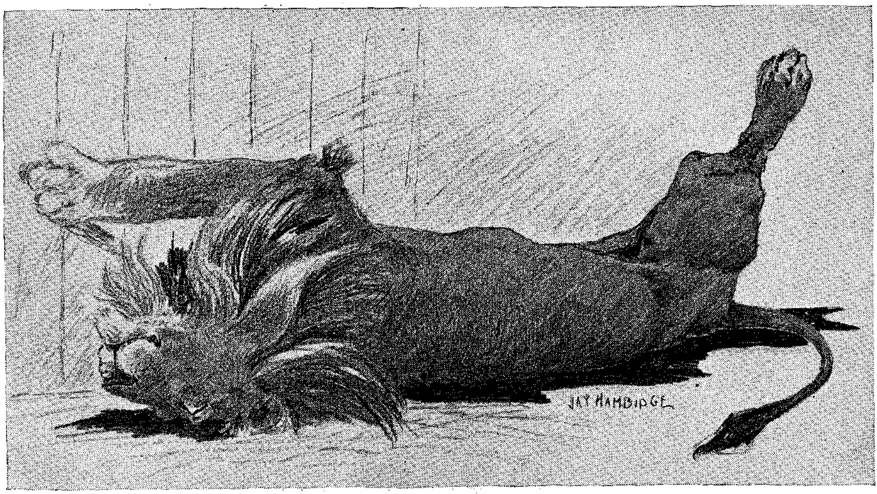
For some time after this Black



BLACK PRINCE.

Prince's life was one of idleness, but later he resumed his feat of riding a horse, under the guidance of a skilful keeper who had long had charge of him. He still showed a very ugly disposition, but he did not absolutely rebel.

I became well acquainted with William Philadelphia, and found him a cheery, light-hearted little man, as unpretentious as possible, and yet able to explain the mysteries of his art more clearly than any trainer I have met. And, indeed, he ought to have some



BLACK PRINCE'S FAVORITE SLEEPING POSTURE.

Black Prince is an indolent, superior sort of creature when left by himself in his cage. If you put your hand out towards him, snap your fingers, or by any movement endeavor to attract his attention, he is apt to repay you with a disdainful stare or a churlish curl of the lip, or else a far-away look over your head—a look which suggests that he may be dreaming of his native freedom on the Dark Continent. Most of the time, however, he lies asleep on his back, with his great muscular legs in the air, and his beautiful mane lying in coils on the floor. [Note by the artist.]

special knowledge of tigers and lions, for he was born thirty-nine years ago in a small menagerie owned by his father, and has been training wild beasts all his life. Not only was his father a showman before him, but both of his grandmothers were show-women, the one making much money by exhibiting through Europe a black man from Africa, and the other doing equally well with a trained walrus in Russia.

Philadelphia's great-grandfather was a resident of Philadelphia, where he lived until middle life. His name was Jacob Meyer, and he was a Jew. Having emigrated to Germany, to establish himself in business, he found it prudent to change his name on account of the prejudice against his race, and he called himself Herr Philadelphia in memory of the city which had been his home. So it comes that Germany's most daring lion-tamer has a strain of American blood in his veins, although he speaks but little English.

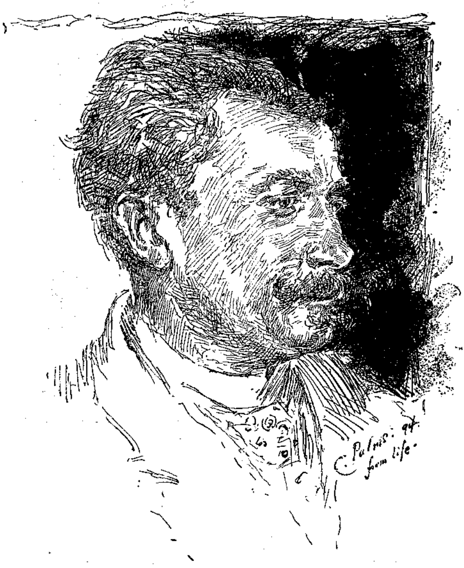
Philadelphia's body is covered with scars, great and small, made by the claws and teeth of numberless wild beasts. He met with his first serious accident in Odessa at the age of twenty, when a Russian bear bit him twice on the left leg, the first time gouging out a big piece from the fleshy part of the thigh, and the second nearly biting away his knee. The cords and muscles were so injured as to cause a permanent stiffness in the joint and recurring twinges of pain at certain changes in the weather.

Philadelphia was three months in the hospital after this experience, and then was three months on crutches. At another time, when he was only seventeen, a Russian bear held him by the throat for five minutes, while another bear fastened his fangs in his forearm. Although he has been bitten and scratched by almost every species of wild animal, he considers the bear much the most dangerous beast to train, and this because of his superior intelligence.

"Why," he said, "if you whip a bear he will remember it forever and get square with you some day."

In a conversation I had with him, he spoke of the memorable night, already referred to, when Black Prince came so near causing his death.

"I knew the critical moment had come," said he, "and that it would not do to push matters any farther. If I had made Black Prince do his jump that time when he balked and turned on me, he would have sprung at my throat, caught me between his fore-paws, and fastened his fangs in my neck or breast. It would have been impossible for ten men to have dragged him off, and I would have been killed there, in the sight of the spectators, just as my nephew, Albert Krone, was killed in Germany some years ago by a Russian bear. There is a mistaken idea, by the way, that bears hug their victims to death. This bear struck my nephew to the ground with one sweep of his forearm, and then literally dug the poor fellow's life out with his teeth. There is no way of saving a man when he is caught by a wild beast in that murderous mood. Black Prince would have finished me in two bites, for a lion's fangs go deep and find the vital spot quickly.



WILLIAM PHILADELPHIA.

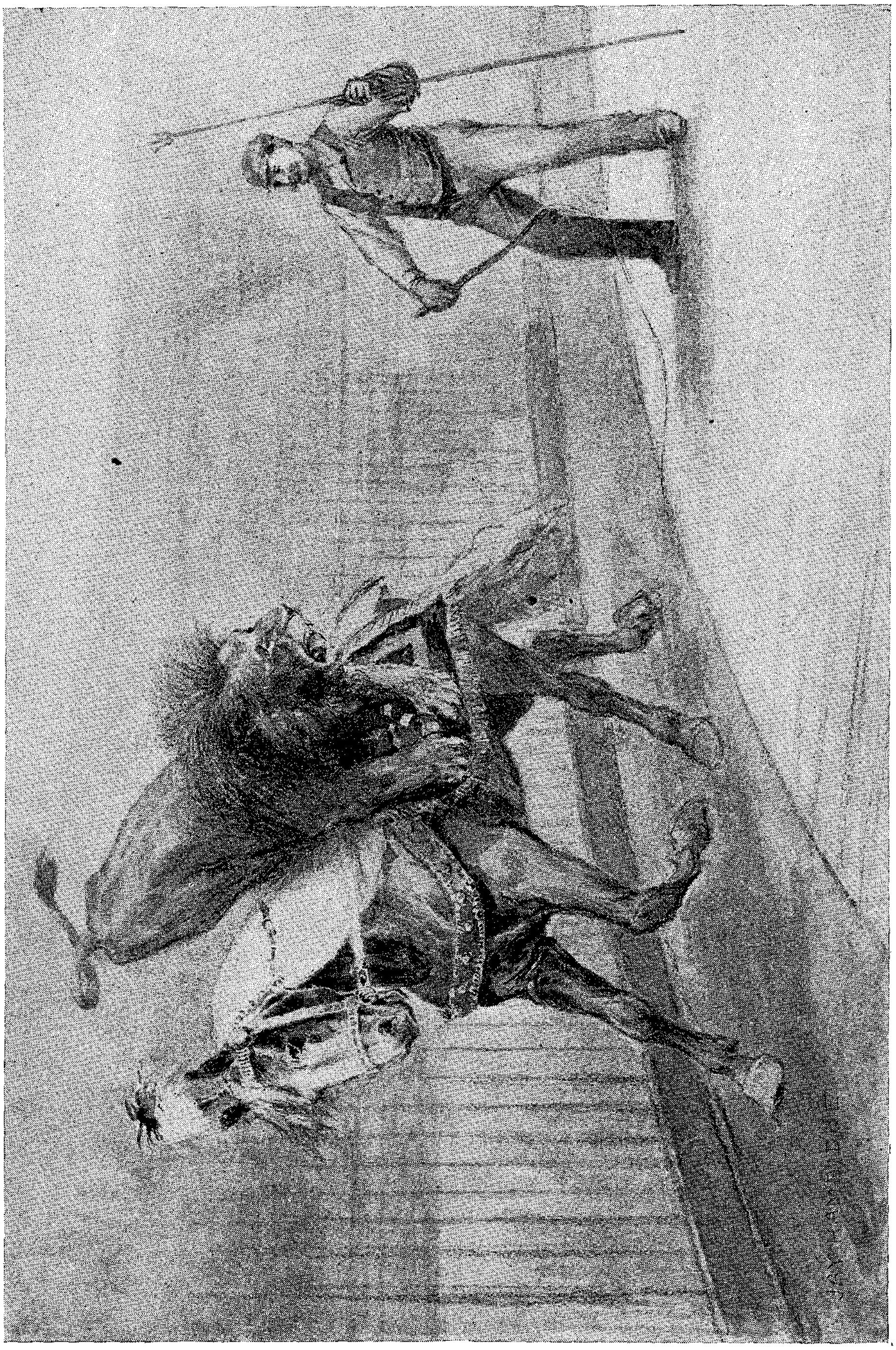
"No, it would have been useless for me to use a revolver, even if I had had one. I could never have drawn it from my pocket in time, and probably it would not have prevented the lion from killing me even if I had shot him. The heavy jaws have only to close once on a man to leave little life in him. Lion-tamers never carry revolvers, partly because they would be of little use, and because of the danger to the spectators.

"As to wearing a suit of mail under the clothing, I have known novices at lion-taming to do so, but I consider it a useless precaution. In the first place, no suit of mail was ever made strong enough to prevent the teeth of a tiger or a lion from going through it. And, in the second place, even if the links were strong enough to resist the teeth, the pressure of the jaws alone would crush a man to death. The whole secret of the thing lies in inspiring the beasts with such awe of you that they'll never dare to attack you. If they should attack you, they could kill you easily; but they must be rendered so fearful of your presence and your power that they will not venture any attack. Of course they will scratch you many times; that is unavoidable. But when they start out to kill, they usually do kill. Why shouldn't they? Think of their vast strength against a pigmy man like me!"

"But how do you inspire a lion with this wholesome dread?" I asked.

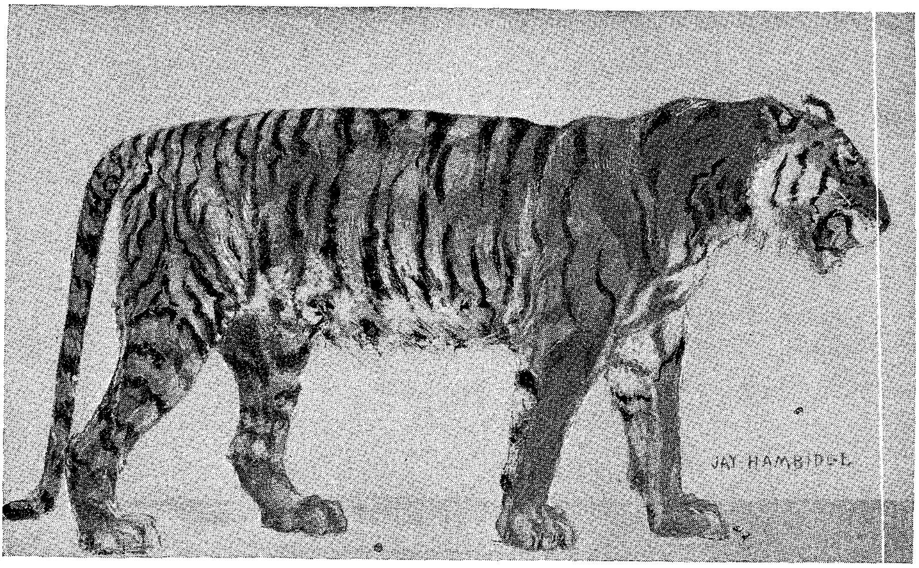
A LESSON IN LION-TAMING.

"It depends entirely upon beginning very young with them, and exercising boundless patience in accomplishing your purpose. Let me tell you how I had to train this lion, Black Prince. He was caught in the jungles of Africa nearly four years ago, and landed in Liverpool a savage cub, much more savage by nature than the ordinary lion at the age of ten months. Then I took him and began the task of taming him. He was in a small cage, and I talked to him and stood in front of the bars for several days, feeding him bits of meat; for, as is usually the case, he had ceased drinking milk since he was six months old. After he had got to know me a little I went into the cage, carrying a wooden club in each hand. The first time I entered he sprang at my throat, as his fierce instinct taught him to do. I gave him two or three good raps over the head and flanks, and he went back, not roaring, but making the queer-sounding purr peculiar to young lions. Then he came at



BLACK PRINCE'S FIRST REHEARSAL WITH HIS NEW TRAINER.

After the lion Black Prince got beyond the control of his trainer Philadelphia, he did no work for several weeks. But he was too valuable an attraction to be lost to the show, and one of the most experienced grooms, Fritz Maass, was designated to take Philadelphia's place. Every morning for two weeks before the time set for the public performance, Fritz took the lion into the arena and put him through his feats, while Mr. Mehrmann and the full staff of attendants stood outside the iron door ready to render any assistance needed. The danger of these rehearsals may probably have seemed greater to a mere observer than it really was; but when Prince refused to jump upon the horse's back, and, angered by goadings from the attendants, growled and snapped, the sight was a thrilling one. While he never actually sprang upon his new trainer, perhaps because of perfect familiarity with him, yet he growled continually and seemed always on the point of springing. By distracting his attention at critical moments, the presence of Mr. Mehrmann and the attendants must have been, I think, an important protection. [Note by the artist.]



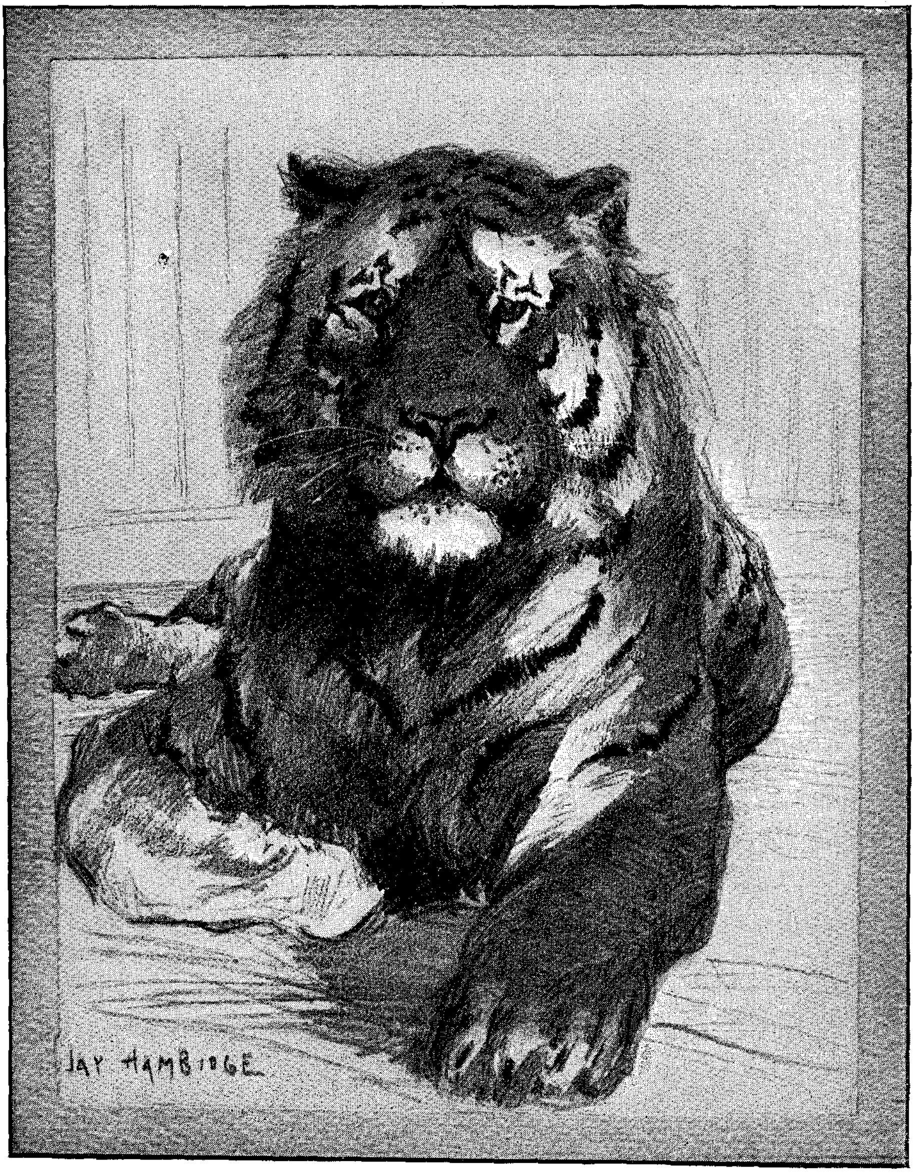
A DECORATIVE STUDY OF "CASTOR."

me again and again. I used my clubs, but not too hard, avoiding hurting him badly, and being careful not to strike him on the back, for a young lion's back is easily broken. After feeling the club several times he kept away from me, and went into a corner of the cage sulking. I sat down on a box and looked at him. I sat there an hour, two hours, three hours. Now and then he moved a little and purred savagely. Once he sprang at me again, and got the club as before. At the end of the three hours I threw him some meat and left the cage.

"The next morning I went into the cage again, and the same scenes were repeated. Black Prince sprang at me, growled, whined when I hit him with the clubs, sulked into his corner, and glowered at me as I took my seat on the box. I stayed three hours as before, and gave him meat again on leaving the cage. The third day he let me enter the cage without springing at me, and after that I was able to take my place on the box every morning without being attacked by him. I had my clubs ready, however, for emergencies, and used them when it was necessary. As I said before, I never hurt him badly, but he remembered the blows I gave him.

"Day after day I spent the whole morning sitting in the cage, waiting for him to show some signs of a more friendly spirit. A month passed, two months, before he would come forward and take a bit of meat fastened on a stick, when I offered it to him. That was only a small step, you might think, in taming a lion. I knew that it was a great step; it was the beginning of the end. Soon he would take the meat quite readily from the stick, and at last from my hand, without snapping at me. This, however, was an experiment I did not make too often, for lions, like all cats, are treacherous. After that the next step was to put my hand on his back or sides. A lion always resents being touched; in fact, is frightened at having a man's hand laid on him. Lions, indeed, show fierceness on most occasions as much because they are frightened as because they are savage. After I had touched him I worked up to the point of putting a chain around his neck. When that was done I had accomplished a great deal, and was soon able to lead him around the cage, holding the chain in my hand.

"When I had got so far I knew that the time was come when I would be able to tie Black Prince down to the floor. It is always necessary to do this in taming a lion or tiger—for what applies to one applies to both—in order that the trainer may accustom the beast to being stroked with the hand. Any such familiarity would have thrown the lion into a murderous rage, had he not been firmly fastened ; and it would have been impossible to fasten him down without all these patient preliminaries. Ten men could not have bound him to the floor before I commenced training him, for he would either have killed them or killed himself in his furious resistance. I was able now, however, to bind him down without much trouble, and soon after that he allowed me to stroke him as I pleased with my hand, and grew accustomed to my being close to him.



CASTOR.

Castor, the Bengal tiger, was born in India, four years ago. He has spent two years in captivity and training. He stands nearly four feet at the shoulders, and is over ten feet in length, which makes him one of the largest and most powerful of his kind. [Note by the artist.]

"You will understand that by the time a man has done all this with a wild beast, he has got the savage disposition pretty well cowed. The wild beast is afraid, not so much of any pain which may be inflicted upon him, but of some vague, unknown power too great for him to understand or cope with. This is what gives the tamer his control of lions and tigers. It is not any personal magnetism or any inherent virtue not possessed by other men. It is no charm of the eye. That idea is sheer nonsense. It is merely that one particular man, by untiring patience, has succeeded in making himself appear in the lion's eyes as the one great and boundless force of the universe before which he must bow.

"Lions and tigers, like men and women, are good and bad. Both kinds require this preliminary training before awe of the trainer will be instilled into their minds. But there is a difference. Awe of the trainer may be transferred in the case of the good beasts to another trainer, who can, after a time, acquire all the control of the original trainer. With the bad ones, however, like Black Prince, this is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. Black Prince, indeed, I did succeed in making obey my wife, but it was only after a year's patient work, going into his cage along with her every day, and sitting there for hours in the manner already explained. And though my wife finally acquired control of the lion, I usually went into the ring with her in public performances."

I asked him if he purposed to make a lion-tamer of his son. He replied:

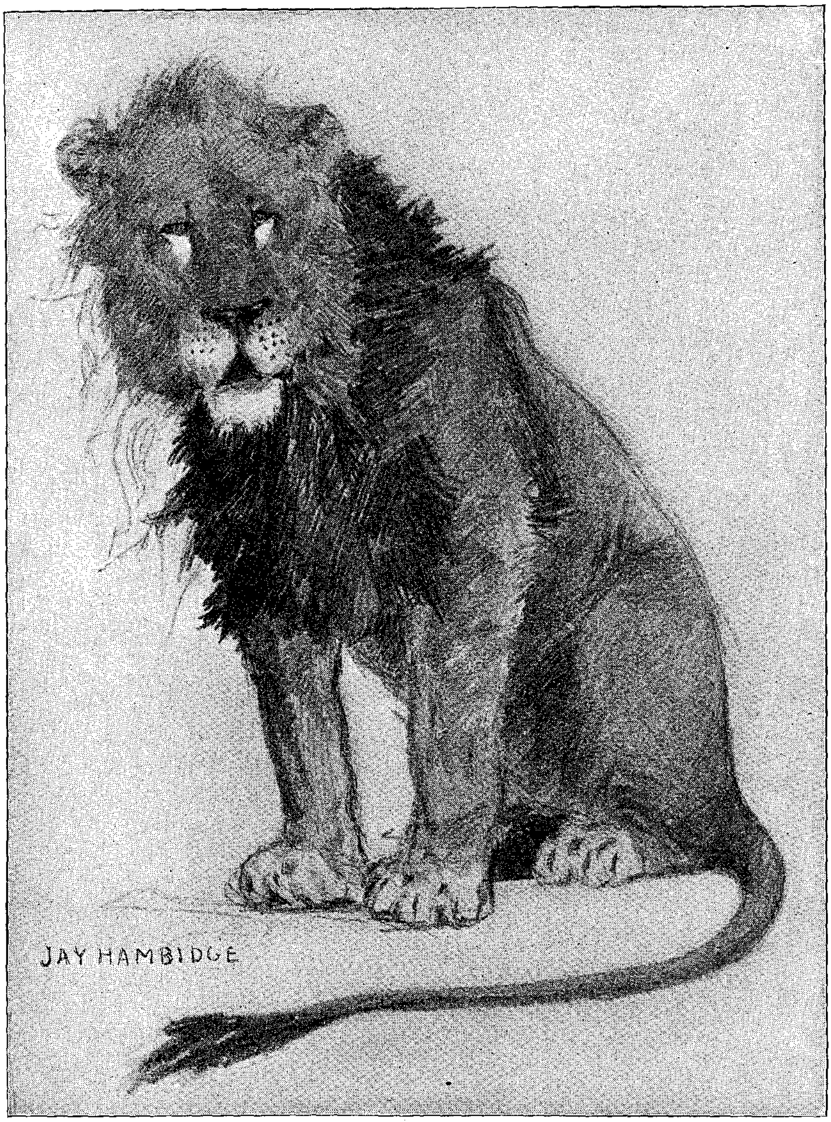
"No, I think not. I taught my wife to tame wild beasts, and sometimes I wish I hadn't. The boy may go into the bird business with my mother-in-law in Lubeck and train canaries, if he likes. That will do him no harm, although I should prefer to have him take a profession. We have artists enough in the family as it is."

A NIGHT AMONG THE LIONS AND TIGERS.

It is two hours after midnight. The snow is crisp under foot, the stars and electric lights shine quietly in the still night. The big building rises before me, its walls pictured with springing lions and pyramids of tigers. As I enter, a long roar from within tells me that the animals are not all asleep. The roar, a lion's, comes three times with increasing volume, and at the fourth is answered by another of equal volume; and then the two lions roar together, the sounds coming quicker and quicker, with an increasing staccato that ends finally in hoarse barks.

Taking a little alarm clock that the night watchman loans me, I go back among the cages, where I am to keep a strange vigil. A small wooden door at the right takes me into an open space ranged with cages and wagons, the former containing some barking dogs. From here I pass into a circular shed, where are more wagons and dogs, and at the farther end the wet, sticky-looking seals. Another small door leads into a low passage, beyond which are the wild beasts. Certain places have odors so characteristic that they never can be mistaken or forgotten. A printing-office has such an odor; so has a dissecting-room; so has a shed where lions, tigers, leopards, monkeys, storks, Thibet goats, boarhounds, and elephants are living together.

I push aside a curtain which covers the entrance to keep out draughts, and see before me such a picture as the humdrum New Yorkers sleeping within a stone's throw have never dreamed of. There are no windows in the shed; it is lighted by electric lamps hung from the rafters. Only a few of them are lighted now, those at the farther end being quite extinguished. The cages are ranged before me in a double row, forming an alley-way, divided at intervals by gas-stoves on which water is heating. In front of the big group of lions and tigers one of the grooms is sleeping, stretched on a cot bed. He wears a pink shirt and blue drawers, and his bare feet are turned to the gas-stove, which burns night and day. Another groom sleeps farther on, beside the Thibet goats; and still another near the ponies, opposite the small cage in which the lioness Mignon



PASHA.

Pasha, the patriarch of the Darling group, is an African lion seven years of age. He is very intelligent and affectionate, but as lazy as a Digger Indian. It is a unique sight to see Martin Sobin, the groom, jump astride his back, strike him over the flanks with a broom, and ride him about the cage at a gallop. [Note by the artist.]

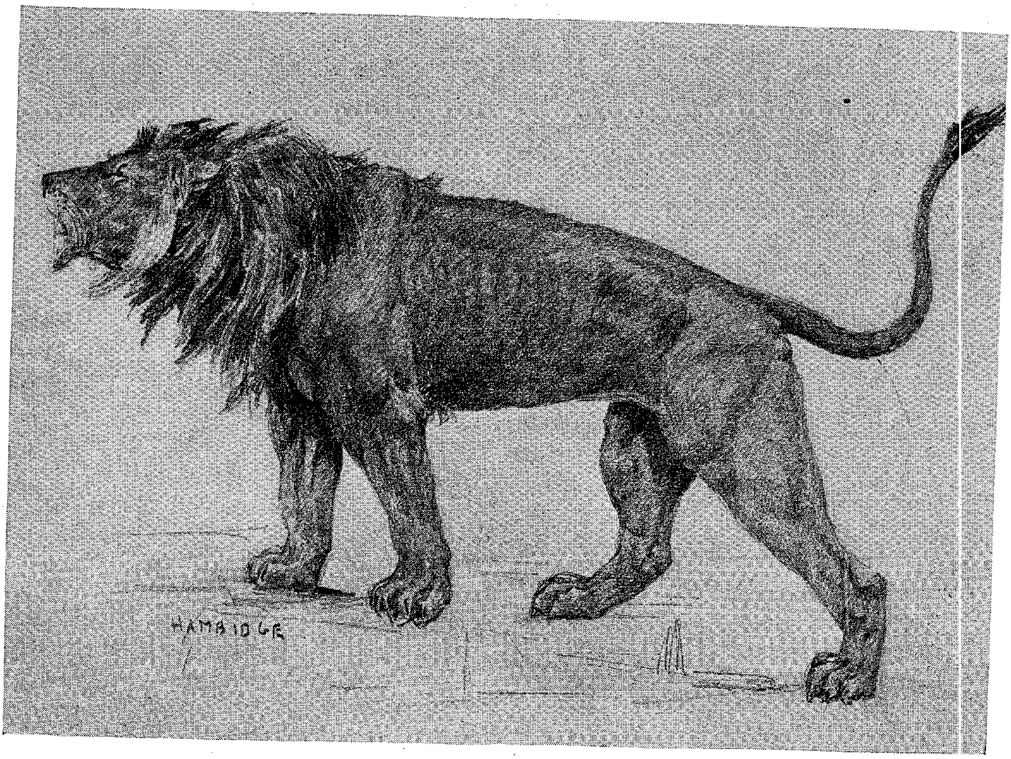
is confined. They sleep so soundly that a riot might occur without waking them; and yet, by some curious sense, they would be on the alert in an instant if anything were wrong in the cages.

Three of the animals rouse themselves as I step into the darkness which shrouds the big cage—the lion Yellow Prince is one of them—and three pairs of eyes glare at me through the shadows like coals as I approach the bars. I venture to turn on the electric light and peer into the cage. All there is silent. Here are three leopards, the three royal Bengal tigers, and a full-grown lion, making no more noise between them than a sleeping child. These monstrous cats, made to steal through the jungles, breathe without the slightest sound, whether sleeping or waking. In their sleep now, though, they blink their big eyes (nothing is more beautiful than the clear brown and yellow of a tiger's eye), and rest their massive heads one on the other. It is a picture of perfect repose—the sleek bodies of the tigers with their striped flanks and white bellies, the lion with heavy yellow mane, and the leopards in their spotted coats. They are all so still that, for the moment, I almost fancy it would be safe to go in among them, and, pillowing my head on the tiger's soft belly, stretch out for a nap.

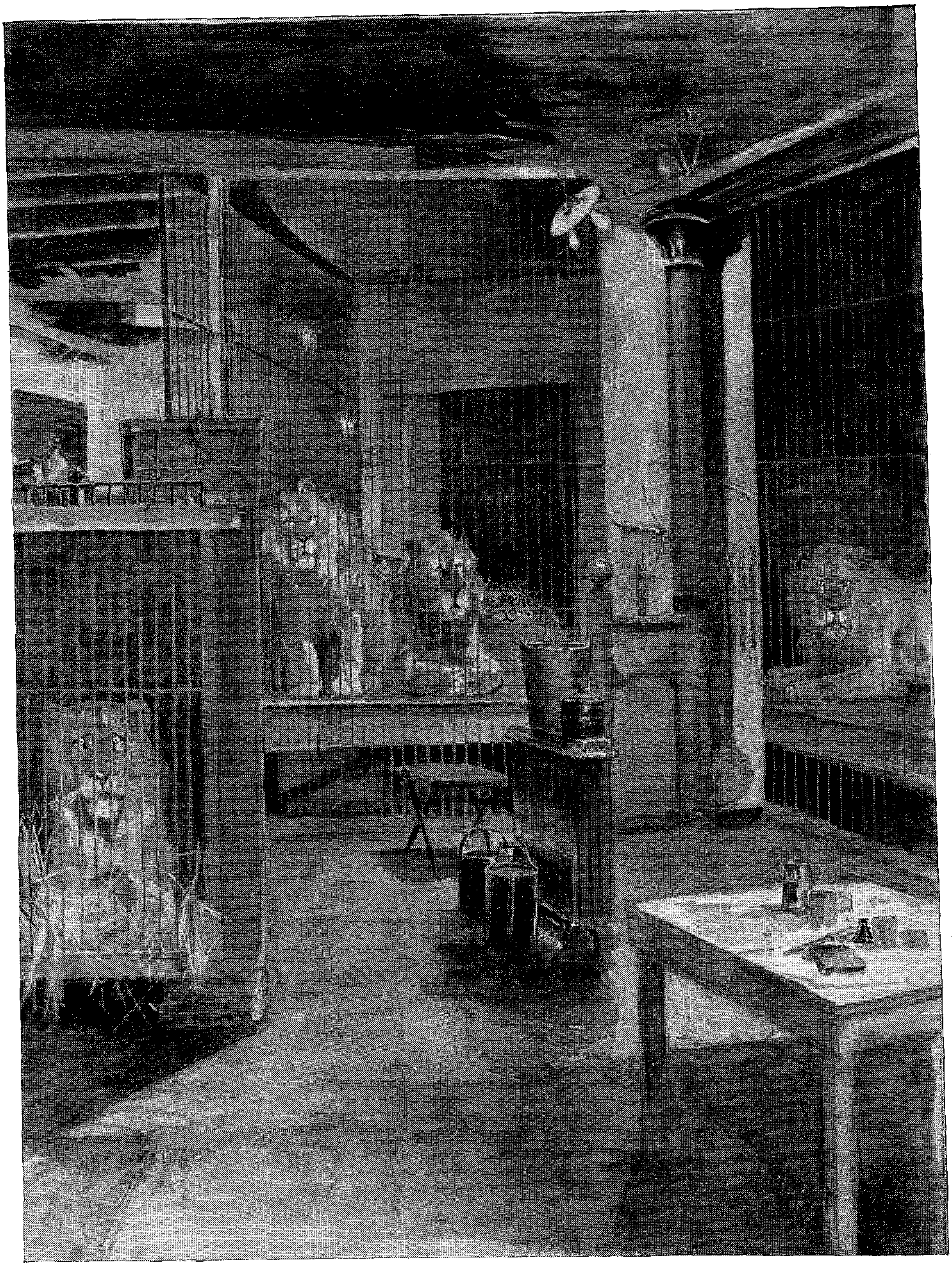
But suddenly, with no warning, and for no apparent reason, the leopard Peter shoots across the cage, curving full five feet in the air, and lights plump on the lion. Instantly the three tigers hurl themselves in three different directions with pretty curves, and then back, as if dancing on a spring board. Again and again they leap, bounding over each other like dolphins at sea, and gracefully falling, only to rise again. Peter the leopard remains tranquilly on the unprotesting lion, and the other two leopards do not so much as turn their heads toward the leaping tigers. Then with the same suddenness which marked their starting up, the tigers cease to streak the air with their lengths of black and yellow, and crouch again on the floor, motionless and lazy just as before.

But soon they are stirring again, and in what has all the appearance of being a fight; for they strike at each other with strong sweeps of the forearm, clinch, and with growls that echo through the building, snap their ugly fangs, and at last fall to the floor with the sound of a dozen bags of flour dropped from the ceiling. Then, in an instant, they cease their rough play, and rub their heads together like the best of friends. Through it all the grooms sleep on; but had the fight been real, they would have been up soon enough.

I return to the farther end of the



A ROARING LION.



NIGHT SCENE.

shed, where the five-year-old lioness Helena, alone in the first cage, is walking back and forth drowsily as if on the point of dropping off for her night's rest. Indeed, she does this presently, turning on her side, and stretching her legs out perfectly straight, with no bend at the joints. It was Helena, who, in a fit of nervous fright, a year or two ago, sprang upon Betty Stuckart, the famous *dompteuse* and prize beauty, and nearly killed her. Since then the lioness has been kept in a separate cage. She is very excitable, and shows herself therein to be, as she really is, a true sister of the dangerous Black Prince. Black Prince himself is now sleeping comfortably in the second cage beyond, his long tan belly rising and falling with slow, easy movement—ten or twelve times to the minute, as I find by counting the respirations. In the cage between this brother and sister, lies the veteran lion of the show, called Old Prince. He has not been shown recently on account of a leg stiffened with rheumatism. Now he is dreaming perhaps of former triumphs in the Paris Hippodrome, where he gained great glory for himself in '89 by riding on horseback, a feat which no lion had ever attempted up to that time.

I feel a burden in the silence. Everything is drowsy or sleeping save myself—lions, tigers, and men. I lean over his little red box to see how Jocko, the trick monkey, looks wrapped in slumber, and get a startling result for my pains, something like the pebble which starts an avalanche. Jocko begins to shake his box from side to side, making a furious rattle. Instantly Helena, frightened by the noise, gives a short roar. Her brother Black Prince lifts his heavy head and roars sleepily in response. Then the tiger Charlie, in the far cage, inspired by the contagiousness of the sound, also puts forth a roar, in which he is joined by the other two tigers. Five roars in succession from as many separate beasts, and, presto! the whole place is roaring. The boar hounds bark and yelp; the storks set up a great clatter with their snapping beaks; the ponies stop munching their feed and clank their chains; and even one of the grooms turns over and mutters a German oath. Roar after roar strikes the air, as if the beasts had entered into a sudden contest in lung-power. Every animal is awake and doing his best to make night hideous with fear-compelling sounds, save only mischievous Jocko. He is huddled into a corner of his box, as if terrified at the uproar he has created. The roaring ceases as suddenly as it began; but from where I stand I see the attention of all the beasts riveted upon me, their great eyes flaring luminous in the semi-darkness of their cages. It is a scrutiny under which one is not entirely comfortable.

The stillness now would be absolute, but for a very curious sound, which comes from the deep shadows opposite the big cage of leopards and tigers. It is the elephant Topsie sleeping. There is no stranger sight in a menagerie than that of an elephant asleep. The huge legs are bent to right angles at the knees, and the trunk is curled into the mouth, the whole suggesting a shapeless mound of mud or clay, or a half-inflated balloon. It bears no resemblance to anything possessed of life, for there is not the slightest movement in any part of the big bulk, and the parts are not distinguishable in the dim light. Head and tail are alike; the ears lie flat; the eyes are quite concealed in the wrinkled flesh; but from somewhere within this seemingly dead mass comes a long hissing sound like the exhaust from a steam-pipe. This sound continues for several seconds and then stops, to be repeated after an interval of silence. So long is this interval that the regular repetition of the sound does not seem like breathing.

So complete is the illusion of the sleeping elephant's not being alive at all, but only a mound of dead matter, that I abstractedly set the alarm clock down upon the flat bone of the forehead. No sooner have I done so than I spring back startled, leaving the clock ticking on the elephant's head. There has been no noise or movement, no indication of displeasure, no effort to do me harm. But suddenly, in the middle of the huge mud-colored mass there has appeared a round, red circle about two inches in diameter. The elephant has simply opened his eye. The eye does not roll, or move, or wink. It merely remains open on me for a few seconds, a round, staring circle, and then disappears as suddenly as it came.

Leaving Topsie I resume my wanderings among the cages. The whole place is asleep, and I am seized with an intense desire to wake somebody up. I take a long straw and tickle Black Prince on his black nose. His eyes open instantly, and the heavy paw swings round like the working-beam of an engine, only more quickly, to crush the straw for its impertinence. I tickle him again, and again he strikes, with force enough to knock down a horse. As I continue, his blows grow quicker and heavier, and his big tusks snap at the troublesome straw. Finally, in desperation, he starts up, and, throwing back his magnificent head, looks at me out of his brown wicked eyes, lifts his chin, curls down his lower lip a little, and bellows forth a low, plaintive sound more like the mooing of a cow than the roar of a lion. Then, apparently ashamed of this uninspiring sound, he shakes his mane and roars in genuine lion fashion. Following this comes an answering sound from Yellow Prince, and now the two proceed to do some remarkable antiphonal roaring, each answering the other, and keeping perfect time in a movement which becomes more and more rapid and staccato, until it ends in a series of short barks.

I have learned since and verified it, that this periodicity in roaring is characteristic of all lions. They may be said to sing one song and only one, beginning with a bellow, rising to a full crescendo of roaring, and ending with yelps and barks. Two lions, not more, take part in this alternately, the responding lion not joining in until the fourth roar, and both ceasing on a particular note, usually the sixteenth or eighteenth. Experienced tamers and grooms easily distinguish the voices of the animals in their care.

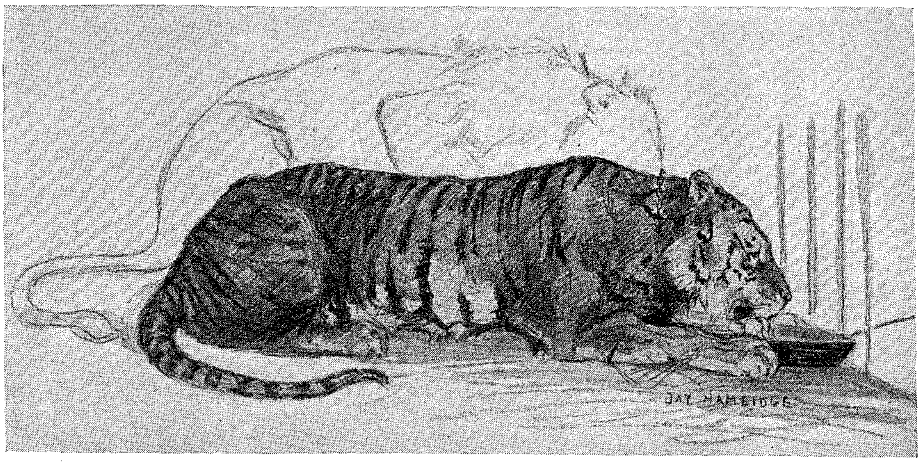
So the hours of the night pass, and at last, having seen everything and grown weary of experiments, I seat myself on a trunk near Black Prince's cage, and am soon buried in my meditations. The tips of the tigers' noses begin to change from red to green, and then back again; the leopards' tails are no longer straight, but end in snake-heads with forked tongues darting out. I overhear curious conversations among the lions, and presently men in blue shirts and pink drawers come marching past me in procession, singing "The Watch on the Rhine." Each carries an alarm clock in his hand. Then a curious thing happens: the elephant Topsie lifts little Jocko out of his red box with her trunk.

"You must unlock the cages," says Topsie.

"All right," says Jocko, and he does.

Then all the lions, tigers, leopards, boar-hounds, Thibet goats, bears, ponies, and wild boars join in the procession, while the alarm clocks beat time. Black Prince walks first, and, presently wheeling the line toward me, lifts his fore-paw and says:

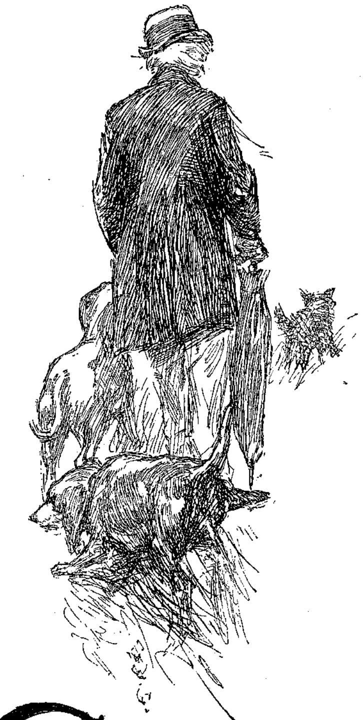
"Mein Herr, it is six o'clock."



NOTE.—A second article on Wild Beasts in Captivity, with much new material and many pictures, will appear in the June number.

THE GOVERNOR'S PREROGATIVES.

By Mary T. Earle.



GOVERNOR BROWN'S prerogatives were numerous and peculiar. Few governors could have exercised them without great remonstrance; but, then, few governors would have cared to exercise them. As a usual thing, a governor, however unscrupulous, holds himself above the temptations of a grocery store, and scorns ordering his neighbors to deprive themselves of their old clothes on his behalf. But if Governor Brown had weaknesses to which other governors are not prone, he was also exempt from many failings common to men of power. He was not given to wire-pulling or nepotism or bribery, and the prerogatives he clung to were freely granted him by his people.

Freely granted? Indeed they were, freely and smilingly granted, by all of the old inhabitants of Newton and its vicinity. But there was one man who questioned them,—a bustling Northern man who, after marrying a Southern girl in the North and bringing her back to her old home, had awakened the whole county to stirring activity, making it a banner county of the new South as it had been of the old. This man could not understand the way in which the Governor's habits were tolerated. If he had had his way—but fortunately even he could not go so far as that—if he had been town marshal, for instance, the Governor would have been arrested some day, and put into any sort of custody where his various prerogatives would have been but a memory and a desire.

"There is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue," Mr. Adams was heard to say, "and I think this town has long passed that point in its treatment of that crazy old darky Brown. No wonder your negroes are incapable and trifling when you all join in encouraging vagabondism and petty thieving in such a way. I can't understand it. Why, even my wife, one of the most sensible women I know, used to take my trousers before they were half worn out, and give them to the Governor. What's worse, once I caught her hanging a pair over the back-garden fence, where they would be handy for him to steal. I've had to put a stop altogether to his loafing round our place."

"You seem to forget that your wife's father used to own him," said Raynes, the express-agent.

"I don't see what difference that makes," Adams said.

"No, I suppose you don't; but your wife does," retorted Raynes. "Here the old fellow comes now," he added, "on time for the four o'clock train.

Don't you know, Adams, that more people remember Newton for the Governor's prayers than they do for your big shipments of beans and tomatoes?"

"What's that he's singing?" Adams asked with a frown, ignoring the agent's question.

A noticeably tall, lank negro was coming down the street. The long winter overcoat he wore would have been too warm for the sultry June weather, had it not been torn and battered till the breeze ventilated it, and fluttered its fragments like streamers, much to the delight of the four yelping dogs that capered around him, led by short strings. These were the Governor's body-guard, and he was seldom seen without them. The remains of a fur cap did its best to cover his gray wool, while what he would have called his shoes made no pretense of covering his faded-looking feet. He was singing at the top of his voice, but the barking of his dogs made it difficult to understand the words. Perhaps he realized this, for, when he saw Mr. Adams in the group at the station, he gave his followers a cuff that admonished them to silence.

"Miss Hallie Howard! Miss Hallie Howard! Lives on pound cake! Lives on pound cake! Goin' to heaven!" his stentorian voice rang out.

"Good news for you, Adams," laughed Montgomery Stuart, the next largest truck farmer to Adams, as he drove up. "The Governor must have broken quarantine and been at your house again. You might as well give up; you can't keep him away from Miss Hallie."

"Miss Hallie Howard! Miss Hallie Howard! Got a bad husband! Got a bad husband!" the Governor kept on as he was passing by the group.

"You're going to wait and pray for the travelling-men, aren't you, Governor?" Raynes called out.

The old man halted.

"Bishop! Bishop! Bishop Brown!" he announced in deep staccato. "Not Governor! Bishop! Bishop Brown!" He glanced around to note the effect of this statement on the crowd. Every one was smiling, except Mr. Adams, "Miss Hallie's" bad husband, who looked annoyed, and affected not to see the old man. Whereupon the new-made bishop advanced with a series of low bows, and held out his hand to Mr. Adams in greeting.

"Take it, and get rid of him," whispered Raynes, good-naturedly.

But Adams was angry, and obstinately looked the other way. The old negro continued for a few moments to offer his hand with the most winsome smiles. Then he drew back, and pointed his finger at Adams, convulsing himself with silent laughter. The crowd could not hold itself; it did not want to offend the leading man of the community, but it had to guffaw. Raynes and Montgomery Stuart were the only ones who kept their faces straight and went on talking.

The whistle of the incoming train soon made a diversion. It came sweeping along as if it had forgotten to stop, then slowed up suddenly, and the people streamed out. A stranger would have thought there was a surprising number of arrivals for so small a place, but the *habitués* of the platform knew that half these people had merely stepped off the train to hear the Governor pray. Some travelling-man had thrown him a coin already, and he had fallen on his knees, lifting his long bony hands and his resonant voice to heaven.

"What's he saying?" asked a man who had never seen the Governor before.

"Ask him when he's done," said the man who had tossed the coin.

"It sounds like mighty earnest praying, but I can't make out a word of it, except a 'Lord' now and then," said the new man, turning to some one else. "Can anybody understand him?"

"Nobody, unless it's the Lord," responded the other. "But don't worry about what he's saying. Hear him and watch him, won't you? It's the best nickel show you'll ever get, and don't you forget it when he passes the hat."

The old man's face worked with excitement; his voice rose entreatingly, and fell to intonations of remorse; while his long hands reached farther and farther upward, grasping wildly at the air, as if he would seize the very garments of Deity.

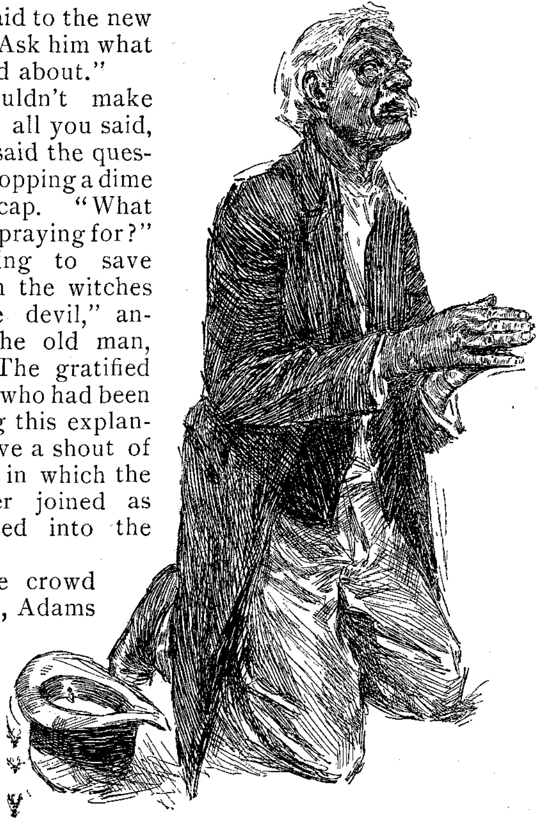
"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, after the long pause in which several truck-loads of fruit had been passed into the express-car.

"Amen! Amen! Amen!" cried the Governor, leaping to his feet. Then, with smiles and genuflections, he presented his tattered cap to all who had not prudently retreated.

"Now's your chance," the man who had given the first money said to the new man. "Ask him what he prayed about."

"I couldn't make out quite all you said, Uncle," said the questioner, dropping a dime in the cap. "What were you praying for?"

"Praying to save you from the witches and the devil," answered the old man, glibly. The gratified auditors, who had been expecting this explanation, gave a shout of laughter, in which the questioner joined as he hurried into the train.



As the crowd dispersed, Adams found himself standing by Mr. Hallam, the old Baptist minister, who had been listening in quiet amusement to the Governor's prayer. Adams looked at him in surprise.

"You here, Mr. Hallam?" he said.

"Yes; why not?" the old man asked, comprehending perfectly the reproach which Adams did not express. "It's a good thing, once in a while, to see one's self as others see one. I've been told that the Governor takes me for his model; but I tell Brother Parish I'm sure the old fellow has more the Methodist style."

Adams shook his shoulders impatiently. "Well," he said, "if you ministers don't mind being taken off like that, I suppose it would be officious for any one to interfere in your behalf."

"You've adopted our ways, and converted us to yours, until there's not much difference left between us," Mr. Hallam said, with a soothing laugh; "but there's one thing that marks you for a Northerner yet, Mr. Adams, and that is the way you call our darkies to account as if they were white men. You'll learn in time that the best of them are not exactly responsible; as for the old Governor, he has been crazy for years."

"You say they are not responsible, and yet you trust even the crazy ones at large."

"The Governor is perfectly harmless, and in a certain way we are fond of him. Can't you see, that, as long as we have him about, we are all of us kings with him for fool? We don't mind if our dignity suffers a little. The old fellow is healthy for us; he is shrewd enough to hit all our weaknesses."

"It's very pleasant and kind to take that forbearing view of him," Adams said, "but I feel that the community will regret its course some day. He is untrustworthy, and he's likely at any time to make trouble, either by unexpected violence or by pure lack of sense. Mrs. Adams thinks I'm hard-hearted not to let him hang round our place any more since we've had the children, but I tell you I don't dare to have him with them, and my mind's not easy while he's at large. I suppose I take him more seriously than other people do, because he's so devoted to my family."

"I don't think you have cause to," said the minister. "Even if the Governor were to grow violent—though he never will—he would not hurt a hair on your wife's head or touch the children. He would die like a dog for any of your father-in-law's people. I don't believe he would ever have gone crazy if the family had not broken up at the old gentleman's death. After Miss Hallie went North, sir, he just crawled into his cabin and grieved himself daft. His heart would have broken if his mind had not—" Mr. Hallam checked himself suddenly; he was growing warm, and he remembered that he had said all this before. It had done no good, to be sure; yet he felt that Adams was a kindly, well-meaning man, whom it would be useless to offend, since, after all, he could not be expected to understand.

"It is queer, isn't it," the minister resumed, "that the body stands a broken mind so much better than a broken heart? A sad illustration of that came to me the other day. I was called to see a dying woman; she was dying of heartbreak, nothing else, and it was because her husband had gone insane. He, poor man, is hale and hearty, likely to live out his years, but the doctors say he is hopelessly mad."

"I know who you mean, the Taylors," said Adams, and their talk drifted safely away from the Governor, who, in the mean time, was wandering down the street, while the whole town might hear that he was on his way to a camp-meeting then in progress in the next town south.

Just as the knot of people who had been waiting for the mail to be distributed scattered from the post-office, Adams hurried in. Mr. Hallam, in his privileged, elderly way, had delayed him after it was evident that the mail was open; and now Adams was eager to be getting home, for the afternoon was wearing late, and there were clouds gathering. He must stir his tomato-pickers to get over the field as fast as possible, for fear the storm would catch him with ripe tomatoes on the vines. The talkative postmaster seemed to have been lying in wait for him, however.

"Heard the joke on Brother Parish?" he asked.

"No," said Adams, brusquely.

"Well," said the postmaster, in the exasperating tone of one who settles to leisurely enjoyment of his own story, "well, you know Brother Parish—only being stationed here last year—don't know the Governor's ways very well, and don't like him; but he don't want to show it, so he's always trying to joke with him. Bless you, the old Governor knows the difference as well as you or me. Well, just now Brother Parish he met the old Governor singing about going to the Gilman camp-meeting, an' he says to him, 'How's this, Governor, going to a Methodist camp-meeting? I thought you turned Baptist last week.' The old Governor just says, 'See Marse Mont Stuart over there across the road?' An' when Brother Parish said yes, he says, 'Marse Mont Stuart got rich tendin' to his own business, an' that's what I'm a-doing.' Some of the boys heard it, and come right up to tell. It's pretty hard to get ahead of the old man, ain't it?"

"He's an old nuisance," said Adams, laughing slightly, but feeling more than ever that Newton was unpleasantly as well as dangerously dominated by Governor Brown.

On his way home, to add to his vexation, Adams came across the Governor again. How the old man could have gotten so far north of town when he had lately heard his voice resounding so far down the south road, was hard to understand. But it was useless to try to explain the Governor's presence in one place or another. He knew all the short cuts and byways, and his long legs carried him so swiftly over the ground that sometimes his guard of dogs despaired, and submitted to be dragged, fore-legs in air, rather than to follow him at such a steady trot. People said that he brought news from the neighboring villages quicker than the telegraph could.

"Storm a-comin'! Storm a-comin'! Wild man loose! Wild man loose!" was the refrain he shouted as Adams passed. Adams, noticing an unusual eagerness in his manner, thought that the coming storm was exciting him dangerously, and reined in his horse to say:

"Don't come a step farther in this direction, Governor. You know I'll have you locked up if ever I catch you on my farm, and I'm going to be on the watch. Turn back, I tell you."

Adams's horse was a good one, and Adams put it to its best pace, yet they did not gain very fast on the Governor, who, instead of turning back, was pressing forward almost at a run.

"Storm a-comin'! Storm a-comin'!" Adams kept hearing; and then more faintly, "Wild man loose! Wild man loo—oose!" until at last a hill rose behind him and shut out the sound.

The storm was coming fast. The whole sky was overcast, but full of dazzling, diffused light. Under its strange brightness the trees and grass, the green crops in the fields, and even the brown earth, seemed to shine with a yellowish lustre of their own. Behind a broad stretch of forest that bordered one side of the road the clouds were gathering more densely, and one of them which showed above the treetops was the only dark thing in the world. A moment after it first came in sight, it was moving fast up the sky—a broad sinister bar of indigo, bordered with a lashing fringe of white.

Adams leaned forward, urging his horse into a run. The first gust of the wind rushed past him, as he sprang down at his own gate; but he scarcely felt it, for there, running down the road through his orchard, came his wife, screaming something he could not understand.

"The children! The children!" he heard, as he hurried to meet her. "We've searched the whole place. Come back to the Taylor woods!"

Adams turned his horse, and lifted his wife into the wagon.

"How long ago?" he asked between his teeth.

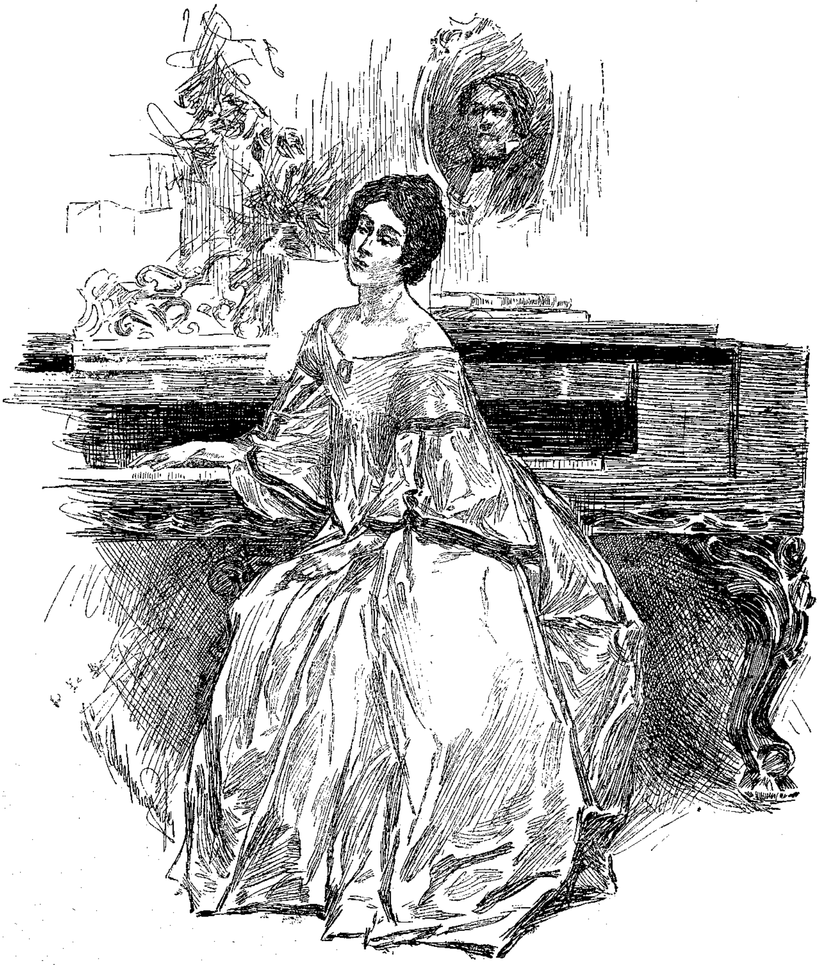
"I don't know how long. I thought Mammy Jane had them, and she thought they were with me. When we missed them, we called the men, and we all searched high and low, through the orchards, everywhere. The only places Mammy ever takes them to are Stuart's and the Taylor woods. I sent the men 'cross lots to the woods, and Mammy's gone to Stuart's. I thought perhaps they might have come this way to meet you."

The wind was upon them. In the open space that lay between their gate and the Taylor woods the unbroken strength of the gale almost lifted them from the wagon. Standing up for a moment to look around him, Adams saw his gang of workmen reach the edge of the woods, pause a moment, listening to the great roar through the trees, and then, to a man, turn and run back through the open toward the farm. He shouted fiercely at them, but the wind took the words from his mouth.

A moment more, and Adams was in the lee of the woods himself. He reined in his horse. In the apparent lull made by the shelter it was possible to think in spite of the turmoil among the branches. Husband and wife looked into each other's eyes despairingly. Only a miracle could guide them to their children through this wild storm, in which they could hardly catch the sound of their own voices. Yet they must search.

They jumped to the ground, but before they could enter the woods, a strange rumbling, grinding sound rose above the roar of thrashing branches and creaking tree-trunks. The new sound grew louder and more dreadful, until Adams and his wife clung close to each other in fear, while the frightened horse wheeled suddenly, leaped free from harness and wagon, and plunged wildly back over the road towards home. Then, not a hundred feet from where the man and woman stood, the solid ranks of the forest broke apart, gave way before a whirling blast of dust, broken branches, and uprooted trees. They watched it march across the fields, dropping part of its burden as it went, only to gather up new victims in its terrific arms.

With blanched faces and numb hearts the two watchers hastened toward the gap in the forest to look down the track



"MISS HALLIE."

of the cyclone. It was as if some gigantic scythe had mown a path through the woods to the open fields beyond. The space was a little wider than a city street, but in it scarcely the semblance of a tree was left erect. Some had been twisted off in the middle; some were uprooted, lying their full length on the ground, tangling the limbs that had not been shorn from them with the broken branches of other trees.

Down this wild road the father and mother started, peering under logs, clambering through treetops, calling, and listening with strained ears, for the storm had lost its heart, and they could hope to hear.

"Amen! Amen! Amen!" The words reached them faintly. "Get back, Devil! Get back, Devil! Amen! Amen!"—until the old Governor leaped out from the woods into the high road of the storm. There was a screaming of shrill child voices, and a yelping of distracted dogs; but, above it all, above even the Governor's shouts and the rustling of the wind, there came a fierce howl, as another figure burst through the underbrush close in the Governor's track.

"Miss Hallie's children! Miss Hallie's children! Got 'em safe, Miss Hallie! Got 'em safe, Miss Hallie! Amen! O Lord, amen!" the old man shouted, as he rushed along the mad course before him, deftly slipping under and past the obstructing branches, and dodging from the grasp of the man behind, who was plunging straight through the jungle of roots and limbs, his garments shredded from him, and his flesh torn.

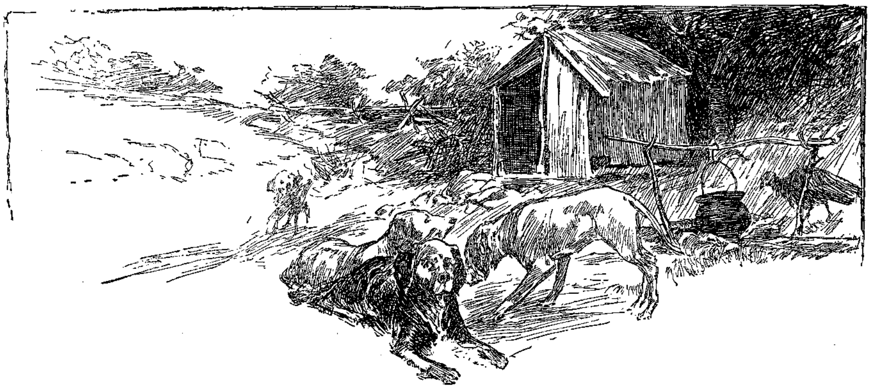
On they came—the madman always within reach of the Governor, always eluded by him—crawling under uplifted roots, vaulting over tree-trunks, tearing aside the lowered curtains of vines; while, far in the rear, the Governor's dogs whined piteously behind some barrier they could not scale.

"Got 'em safe, Miss Hallie! Got 'em safe, Miss Hallie!" the Governor kept shouting; but where he had them the parents did not know until the old man bounded up to them, unbuttoned his long coat, dropped the children in their arms, and faced his pursuer, beating him off with the great shattered branch of a tree. Then back they turned, the Governor in chase; and when Adams looked up from his babies, they were vanishing far down the narrow swath of the cyclone.

"I've never gotten it out of him yet," Adams often says; "he won't tell how he knew that Taylor had escaped from his keeper or that my children were in the woods. All he'll say is, that it was Taylor's woods, and he knew Taylor wouldn't want any stray children there. But I know one thing, and that is, that I never heard any prayer that lifted me so straight to heaven as the Governor's did when I caught up to him. He had that wild man down, and was kneeling on his breast, giving thanks to the Lord."

"What did he say, Adams?" Raynes, the express-agent, likes to ask.

"If you don't know what the Governor says when he prays, I can't tell you," Adams answers; "but it means enough to Miss Hallie and me for us to have the old man pray for us regularly, once a day. Miss Hallie spoke once of omitting it when we had some Northern friends visiting us, but I told her that to act as our chaplain was one of the Governor's prerogatives."



FLAMMARION THE ASTRONOMER.

HIS HOME, HIS MANNER OF LIFE, HIS WORK.

By R. H. Sherard.

M CAMILLE FLAMMARION, the astronomer, who has done more toward popularizing the study of astronomical science than any of his contemporaries, and who is known by his writings in all parts of the world, is a man fifty-two years of age. He was born on the 26th of February, 1842, at a village in the department of Haute-Marne, of humble parents. He was a precocious lad. It is recorded that he was master of reading and writing at the age of four, and that when seven years old he was specially commended by the prefect of his department for the way he acquitted himself in an examination at his school.

"I was interested in astronomy from the very first," said Flammarion to me, during a recent visit which I paid to him in his fifth-floor apartment in the Rue Cassini, a remote quarter of Paris, hard by the observatory, "and I shall never forget with what joy I carried home the first telescope that I was able to purchase—at a second-hand shop. It was a miserable implement, but I think that it gave me more pleasure than any of the magnificent instruments which have since been placed at my disposal."

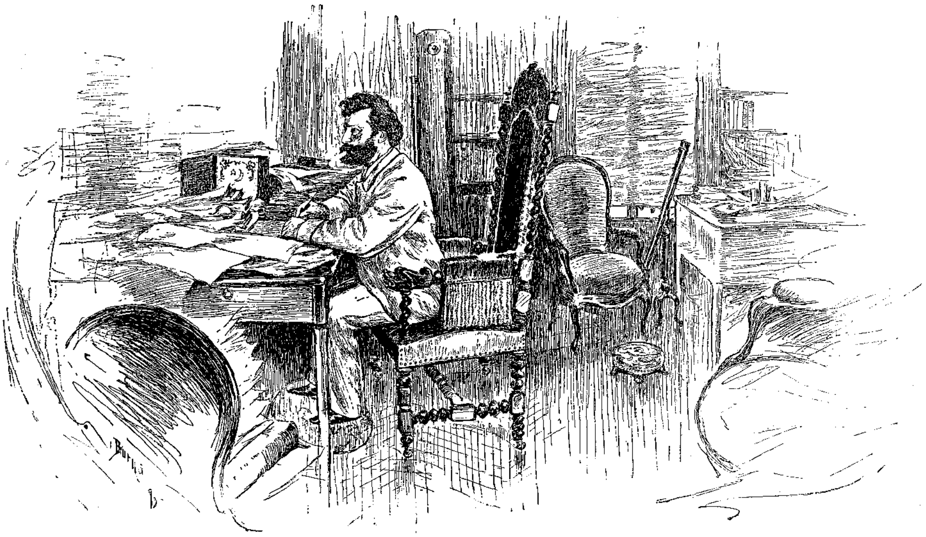
At the age of ten years, Flammarion was placed in a seminary, and continued his education under the care of the Jesuits. After the removal of his family to Paris, Flammarion was transferred to another Jesuit school, in the St. Roch quarter of the capital. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to an engraver, and worked in his shop for some months. Whilst thus engaged, however, he managed to continue his studies, mastered English and the classics, and was able to pass his two examinations for the degree of bachelor, as well as his matriculation to the Polytechnic School, and at the age of sixteen to enter the Paris observatory as pupil astronomer. At that time he was already the author of a work entitled "The Cosmogony of the Universe," which was greatly admired by Leverrier, to whose influence he principally owed his admission to the observatory. Flammarion remained four years at the observatory, where he was attached to the Bureau des Calculs, and had the good fortune to be able to make certain observations of comets which have been described as the most interesting that have been made during this century. At the same time he found time to write his next work, "The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds."

"This book," he told me, "at once made my reputation. It was published by Mallet-Bachelier, the printer to the observatory, at two francs the copy, and the first edition was immediately sold out. I was then approached by the publisher Didier, who offered to undertake the second edition, for which purpose I rewrote many of the chapters, and made important additions to the text. See, here is a copy of the first edition, and here is one of the second. You will see that the latter is about four times the size of the former. The book is now in its thirty-fifth edition. The subject, I may mention, had been treated about a century before by Fontenelle, but in purely imaginary style. Fontenelle's book may be described as a novel, a piece of literature, whilst mine claimed to be a scientific work."

At the age of twenty-two he joined the staff of a scientific magazine called "Cosmos," in succession to Abbé Moigno, collaborating at the same time on a scientific review known as "Le Magasin Pittoresque." In the following year he was asked by Henri Martin, the well-known historian, to contribute regularly to what was then the most important daily in Paris, the "Siècle." In the mean time he had left his place at the Paris observatory, and had entered the Bureau des Longitudes, continuing his astronomical studies in a small private observatory which he had established in a house in the Rue Gay-Lussac, near the Luxembourg. Here he principally devoted himself to the study of the spots on the sun and the geological formations on the moon. Some months later he was appointed professor in the École Turgot, his lectures being attended by exceptionally large audiences. In the following year, that is to say, in 1867, he entered the French Aërostatic Society, of which he was created president. It was at this period that he commenced his remarkable series of ascensions, a full description of which is published in his book, "Voyages in a Balloon." He has made twelve ascensions in all, the longest one being one in which he travelled from Paris to Cologne, which was undertaken in 1880. But the balloon expedition which he remembers with most pleasure is one which he undertook on August 28, 1874, in company with his bride, eight days after their marriage. It was perhaps the first honeymoon trip of the kind undertaken since honeymoons were.

"What more natural," he asks, "than for an astronomer and his wife to fly away thus like birds?" The voyage lasted nearly twenty-four hours, and terminated in a descent at Spa.

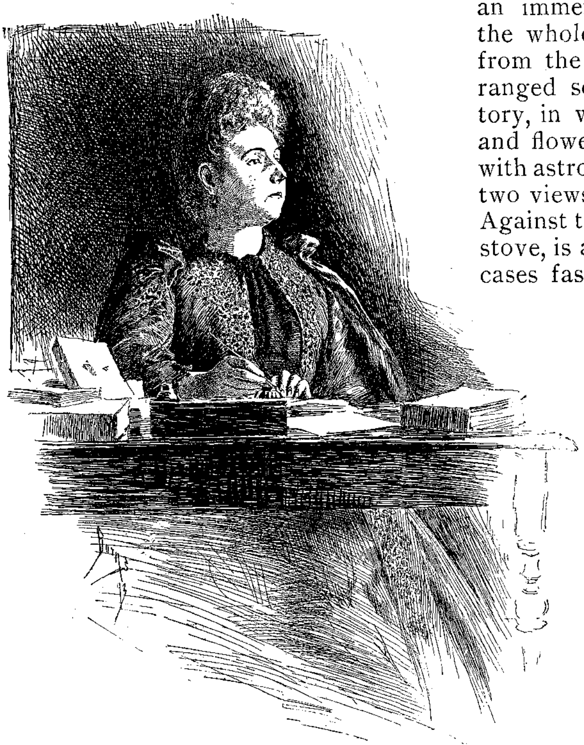
All this time the young savant continued his literary work. In 1869 he translated Sir Humphry Davy's "Last Days of a Philosopher," and in the following year brought out the first series of his "Scientific Contemplations," as well as the first edition of his "Scientific Balloon Voyages." Meteorological observations occupied him greatly at this time, and it was principally for the sake of this study that he undertook his balloon voyages. He was the first to verify the fact that the rapidity of the horizontal motion of the air increases enormously with the



CAMILLE FLAMMARION IN HIS STUDY.

altitude reached, and also that as many as five different atmospheric layers, one above the other, can move in opposite directions and at varying rates of speed. He was the first to observe, describe, and explain the optical phenomenon of the colored aureole which surrounds the shadow of a balloon cast upon the clouds beneath. Whilst pursuing these investigations, he did not neglect his astronomical researches. The Annals of the Academy of Sciences between 1866 and 1876 are full of communications made by him on various observations taken at his observatory. In 1869 he published a map of the stars of the North Pole; in 1871 he communicated a paper on the zodiacal light, a study of the planet Jupiter, and, in 1873, his first observations and drawings of Mars, which, of all the planets, has ever since interested him most.

"I have devoted special attention to Mars," he said, "because it is the planet about which one has most reason to hope that definite information may be obtained."

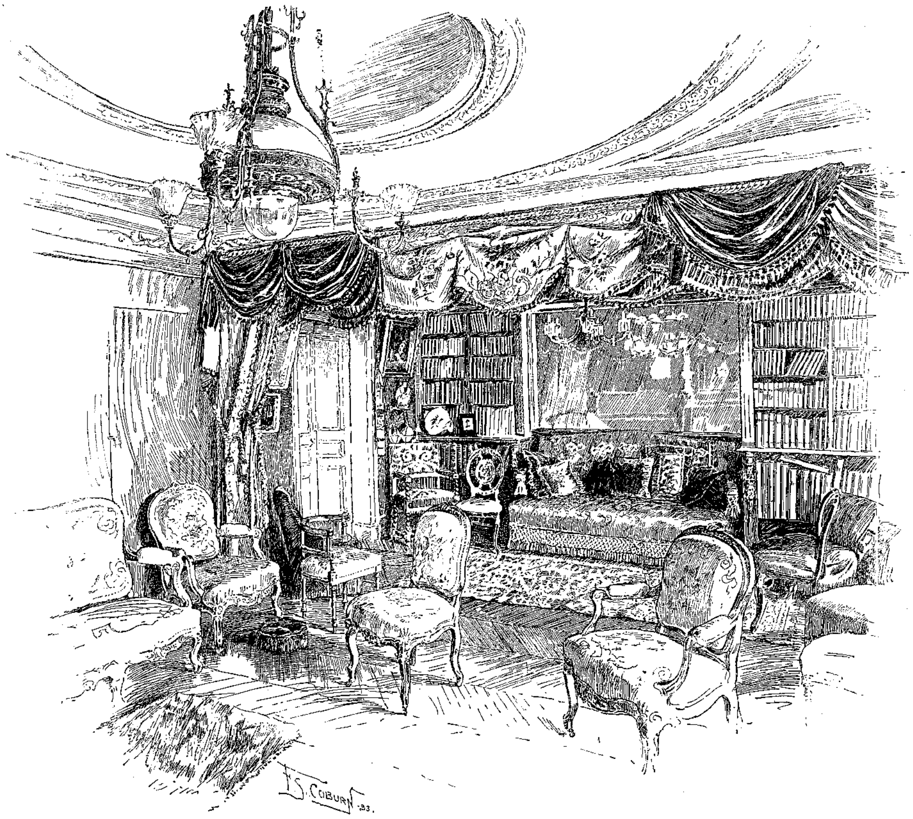


MADAME FLAMMARION.

During the war Flammarion was appointed captain of engineers, and was occupied with other astronomers in observation of the Prussian batteries at Saint Cloud and Meudon from a small observatory established by the government at Passy.

After the Commune he took up his abode in the apartment on the fifth floor of the house in the Rue Cassini, which he has never left since. "I am," he said to me with some pride, "the only Parisian who has never changed his address."

It is certainly splendidly situated, commanding views, on all sides, over Paris, and flooded with light. Outside the windows may be seen the tops of the trees of the Avenue de l'Observatoire, which is just opposite the astronomer's study. The house is situated in one of the quietest and loveliest parts of Paris. One might fancy one's self in some provincial town when in the Rue Cassini. The apartment is modestly furnished. The dining-room, which is the first room into which the visitor enters, is remarkable only for an immense window which takes up the whole side of the room, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and arranged so as to serve as a conservatory, in which are a number of plants and flowers. The walls are decorated with astronomical maps, as well as with two views of the observatory at Juvisy. Against the wall, at the side of the tiled stove, is a bookcase which is filled with cases fashioned to represent volumes. Each case is used for the classification of the papers which the savant receives from all parts of the world, referring to various branches of astronomical study. Thus "Mars" and "Jupiter" have each their case, the other planets being disposed of in one labelled "Planets Other than Mars and Jupiter." The leather dining-room chairs are decorated each with one of the signs of the zodiac. Over the buffet is a plate painted with the picture of Urania, which smiles down on a gigantic copper samovar beneath.


J. S. COBURN '93.

THE DRAWING-ROOM IN M. FLAMMARION'S PARIS HOME.

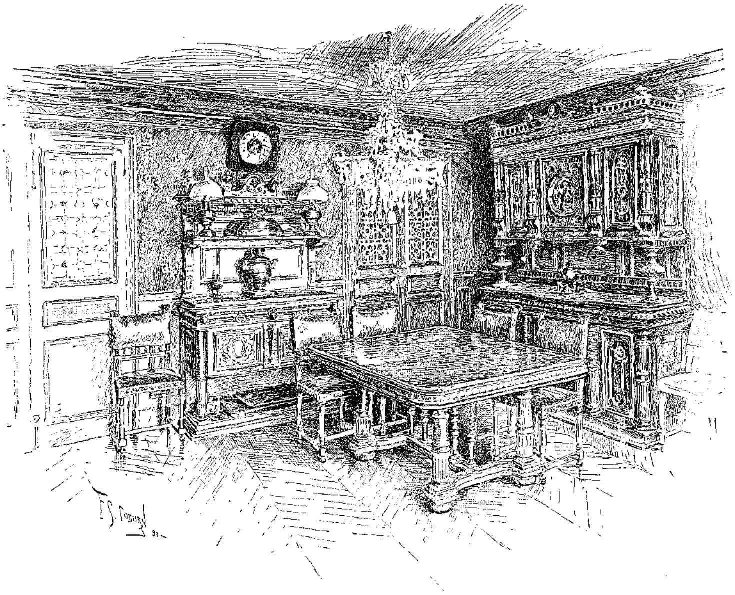
From the dining-room access is gained to the savant's study, which is pentagonal in shape, with three windows on three sides. It is very simply furnished, with bookcases reaching from floor to ceiling all round. Against one wall is Flammarion's table, and back to back with it is a little table at which sits his wife, who acts as his secretary, and to some extent as his collaborator. Two small telescopes stand in a corner. The tables are heaped up with proofs, newspaper cuttings, brochures, and scientific reports. Amongst the books may be noticed a number of works referring to occult science, notably Colin de Plancey's "Dictionnaire Infernale."

"I have always been intensely interested in the occult sciences," said Flammarion, "and have studied them for over twenty-five years, from Alan Kardec to Rochas and Papus. My conclusion is, that there exist certain natural forces of which humanity is ignorant. Papus, the writer on occultism, is a frequent visitor to my house, and has given numerous séances here."

My question on this subject was provoked by the sight of a book by P. P. Gener, entitled "Death and the Devil."

"You will find the result of my observations in this branch of study," he continued, "in my book 'Lumen.' I cannot say that I have come to any conclusions on the subject beyond the one which I have just formulated, which is, that there is certainly something in the science, and that the investigations merit attention."

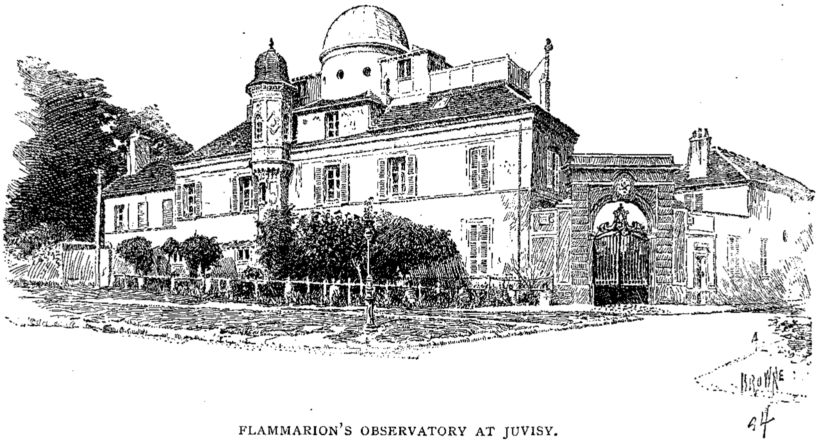
Adjoining the study is the drawing-room, richly set with furniture tapestried in white Aubusson. On the mantelpiece is a magnificent clock representing Urania. "That clock," said Flammarion, "gave me the idea of writing my novel 'Uranie.' It is one



THE DINING-ROOM IN M. FLAMMARION'S PARIS HOME.

of three. One is at Fontainebleau. The other has disappeared." Against the wall over the sofa is a fine portrait of Flammarion by a Polish millionnaire friend, Count Minszech; and in the corner, by a book-case filled with novels and poetry, is a picture of Madame Flammarion, now a white-haired lady, but still retaining many traces of the beauty revealed by this picture.

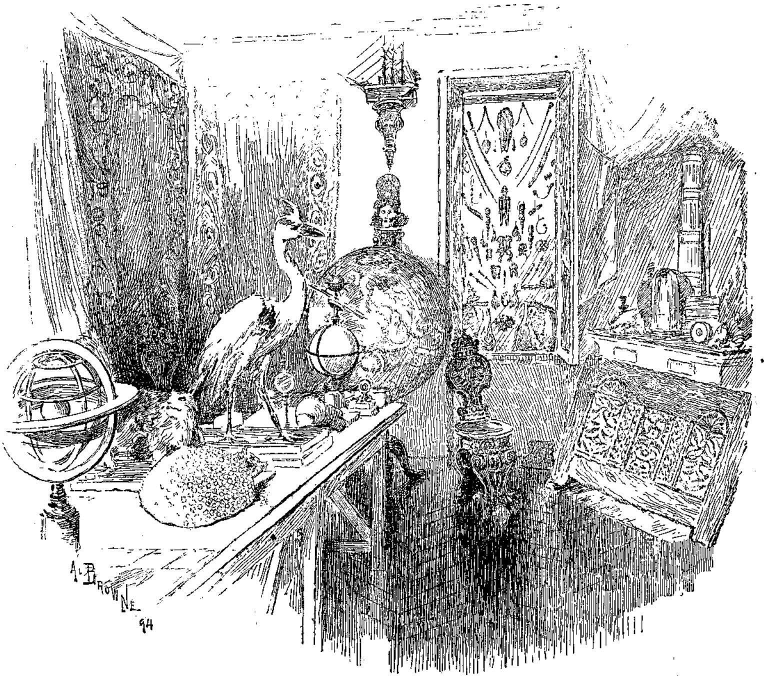
"From 1873 to 1878," he said, "my attention was almost entirely absorbed in the study of double stars. Up to 1873, although numerous observations had been made on these remote stellar systems, these observations had not been classified. In my opinion the double stars constitute one of the most important branches of sidereal astronomy. Yet at the time that I approached the subject, that is to say, during 1873, to my surprise I discovered a total absence of documents concerning them. A number of questions, which so far have been unanswered, presented themselves to my mind. How many double or multiple stars are known? What is their proportion to the number of single stars? In the total number of groups which have been discovered, how many are simply optical phenomena due only to the effect of perspective, and how many are genuine or physical systems? Which are the couples the orbital movement of which can be verified? Which are those of which the orbital movement is probable? Are there any of which the movement is not orbital? By what intrinsic movements are these systems transported into space? These are some of the questions which suggested themselves to my mind, and which it seemed to me must present themselves to the mind of every student who approached the subject. The only way to solve them was to examine, in a detailed manner, each one of the eleven thousand double stars which up till then had been discovered; to compare my observations with those previously made, amounting in all to upwards of two hundred thousand; to deduce the conclusion furnished by this examination for each group; to form a list of the couples whose constituents have remained fixed; to form another list of the stars whose movements could be verified as invariable; to identify these stars; to examine the intrinsic movements of each set; to analyze the variations which I had observed; to establish definitely which were the physical systems endowed with an orbital movement, and which were the groups which could be described as the result of an optical illusion. This is what I did. I spent more than a year over the work, being greatly assisted by the kindness of Leverrier, who, being much interested in my researches, placed at my disposal the great equatorial in the east tower of the Paris observatory. By the end of 1877 I had the materials for my



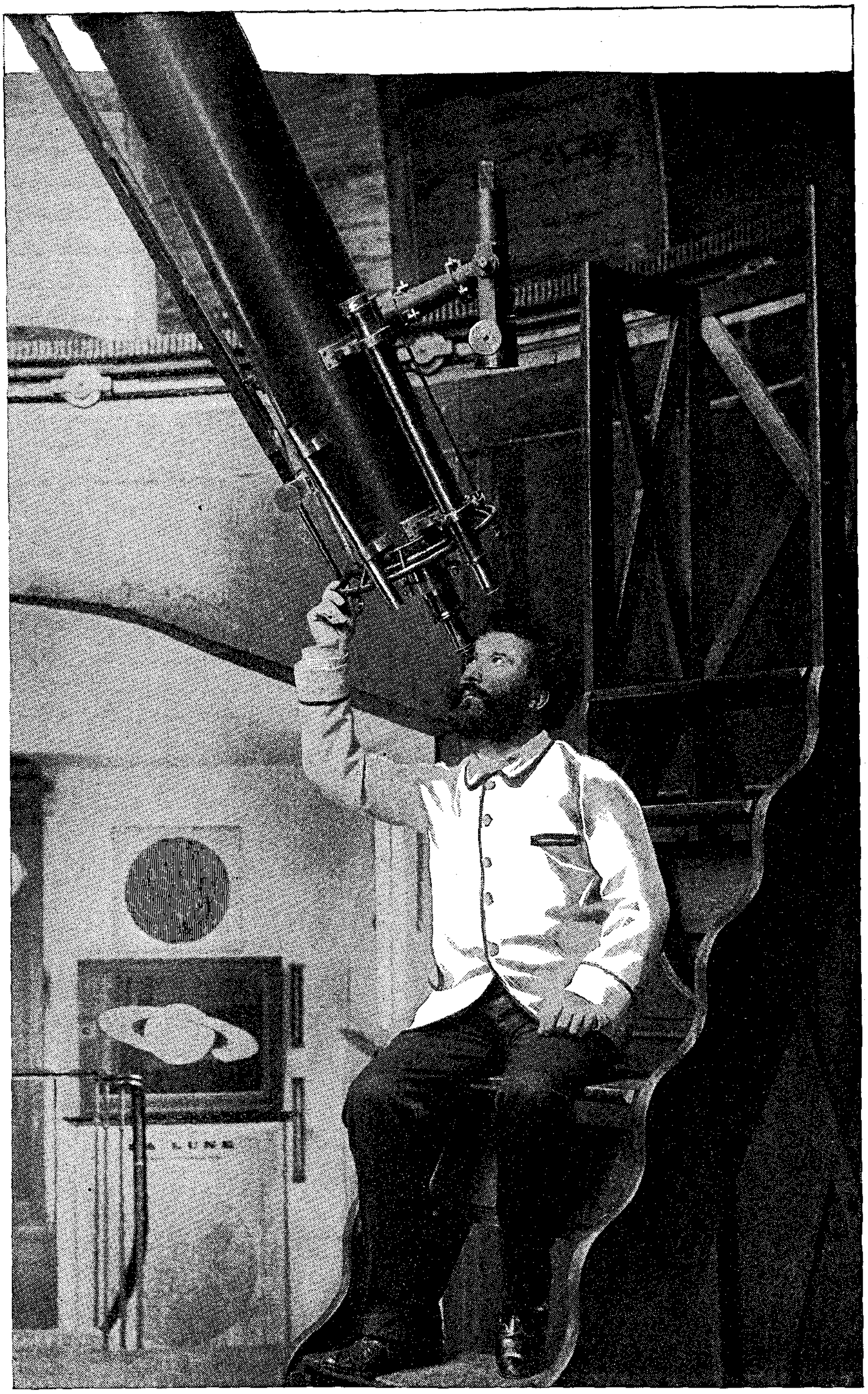
FLAMMARION'S OBSERVATORY AT JUVISY.

'Catalogue of Double Stars,' which has since become a classic in every observatory throughout the civilized world."

In the same year Flammarion published his "The Lands of the Sky," and two years later he began the publication of his very successful "Popular Astronomy," which has now reached a very large number of editions. On each copy of this book he has received one franc royalty, and calculates altogether that it has brought him in over twenty-five thousand dollars. It is published by his brother, who became a publisher at his instance; and he admits, with a smile, that no doubt his brother has made very much more out of the work than he himself. In 1881 he published a supplement to this book, under the title of "The Stars and Wonders of the Heavens." This was followed, in 1884, by a new and enlarged edition of "The Lands of the Sky," and two years later he took up again the subject which had tempted his pen when he was a lad of fifteen years, and published his "World Before the Creation of Man." In 1882 he founded "The Monthly Review of Astronomy," which, he told me, has never paid its way, but which, as the only serial publication devoted to the science of astronomy in France, he is proud to have created and is delighted to support. In 1887 he founded the French Society of As-



THE MUSEUM OF THE JUVISY OBSERVATORY.



FLAMMARION AT HIS TELESCOPE.

tronomy. Speaking about his past life, Camille Flammarion says that the three achievements of which he is most proud are the creation of this monthly periodical, the founding of this society, and the establishment of his observatory at Juvisy. As to the astronomical society, he said: "Nobody before me had been able to create an astronomical society in France, though many had tried it. I remember well with what mocking laughter Admiral Mouchez, at that time director of the observatory, greeted my remark that I intended to essay this foundation, one day when he was breakfasting with us at Juvisy. He said that it had been tried over and over again, and had always failed, and that I would be wasting my time. However, I tried it, and to-day the French Society of Astronomy numbers over six hundred members. I obtained its admission to the Hotel des Sociétés Savantes, where it possesses an observatory, an excellent equatorial, and other apparatus, and a very complete library."

In 1882, one of the admirers of Camille Flammarion, a gentleman named Meret, who was totally unknown to him, and who lived at Bordeaux, wrote to him and told him that he was much interested in his researches as described in his various publications, and he begged him to accept the fee simple of an estate known as the "Cour-de-France," at Juvisy, which is a village within twenty minutes' ride of Paris. Flammarion accepted, and here established his private observatory, the maintenance of which, as well as the salaries of the employees, was at once provided for by subscription amongst a number of other admirers.

It is, perhaps, of his installation at Juvisy and of his observatory there that Flammarion is proudest.

His life is an extremely busy one. Besides his work as an astronomer, he still to-day fills many public positions. He is a modest man, and does not seem to care to speak about himself. It was his wife who gave me the following particulars as to his life and character on the day on which I called upon him. "He is," she said, "an extremely methodical man. He gets up regularly every morning at seven o'clock, and spends quite a long time over his toilet. Savants, as a rule, are not very tidy, but Flammarion is an exception to the rule. At a quarter to eight every morning he has his first breakfast, at which he always takes two eggs. From eight to twelve he works. At noon he has his *déjeuner*, over which he spends a long time. He is a very slow eater. From one to two he receives, and as he knows everybody in Paris, and as he is constantly being consulted on all sorts of questions by Parisian reporters, he is usually kept very busy during this hour. From two to three he dictates letters to me, and as he receives thousands of letters from all parts of the world, especially when anything new in the branch of astronomical science is occupying public attention, my time is fully occupied. At three o'clock he goes out and attends to his business as editor of the monthly magazine which he founded, and to his duties as member of various societies. He is back home again at half-past seven, when he has dinner, and spends the rest of the day in reading. He is a great reader, and tries to keep himself *au courant* with all that is said on the important topics of the day. At ten o'clock he goes to bed, for he is a great sleeper."

"But when," I asked, "does M. Flammarion observe the stars?"

"Oh, this is his winter programme," said his wife, "that I have been describing. It is in the summer, when he's down at Juvisy, that he continues his studies in astronomy; that is to say, from May to November. There the programme of his daily life is somewhat different, for on fine nights he sometimes stays up at his observatory till a very early hour in the morning. But as here, so at Juvisy, he is very regular in his habits."

"You have a good library at Juvisy?" I said, turning to M. Flammarion, who was sitting by at his table, dressed in white flannels. "Ten thousand volumes, at least," he answered. Then rising, he added: "Let me show you a wonderful 'Cicero' which I have here." He passed me the volume and said: "It was here that I took the story of the youths of Megara and of their vision, which I described in 'Uranie.'" Referring to "Uranie" he added: "I shall write no more novels. If I wrote that one, it was because my desire and ambition are to impart scientific knowledge by every means in my power. The novel is a medium in some sort. Personally I hate novels, and never read any. As to my future literary labors, my time will almost entirely be taken up, for another eight years at least, with my 'Astronomical Encyclopædia,' of which I am editor, and which is to be a popular handbook to all the branches of the science. Now and then, no doubt, I shall write newspaper articles, but as few as possible, and only when something of very great interest happens."

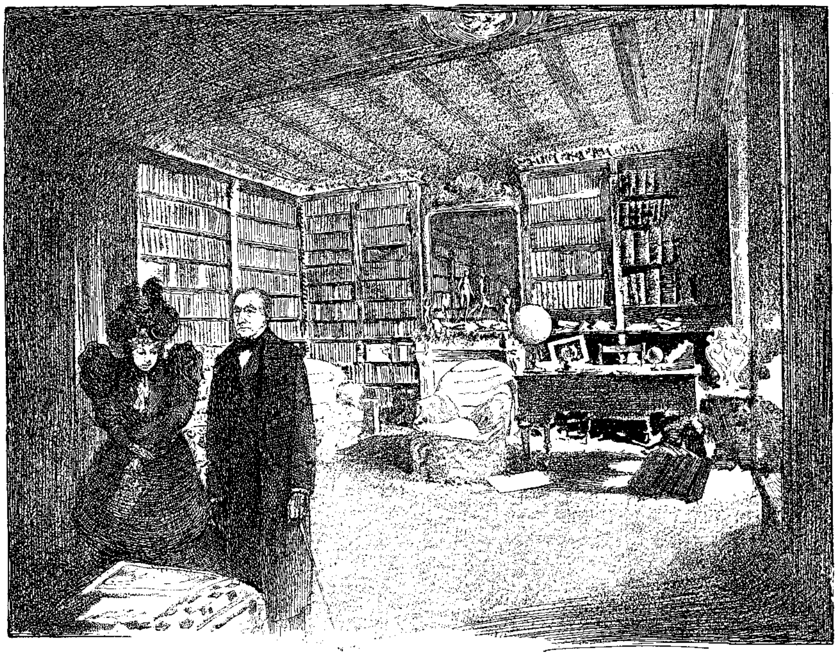
"And in the way of observation?"

"I shall continue to study Mars as much as possible, to try and find out what is going on there. Mars interests me above all the planets, because it is the planet which most closely resembles the earth. What may eventually be discovered there is indicated in my book on this planet."

As the conversation continued, I learned that Flammarion never smokes. "It is impossible to observe the stars when one has a cigarette in one's mouth," he said, "and it wastes time. Now, I have a veritable cultus for time."

As to his pets, Madame Flammarion said: "He is very fond of dogs, and yet has an instinctive horror of them. Thus whenever our Newfoundland down at Juvisy, Sirius, we call him, jumps up on my husband, he turns quite pale."

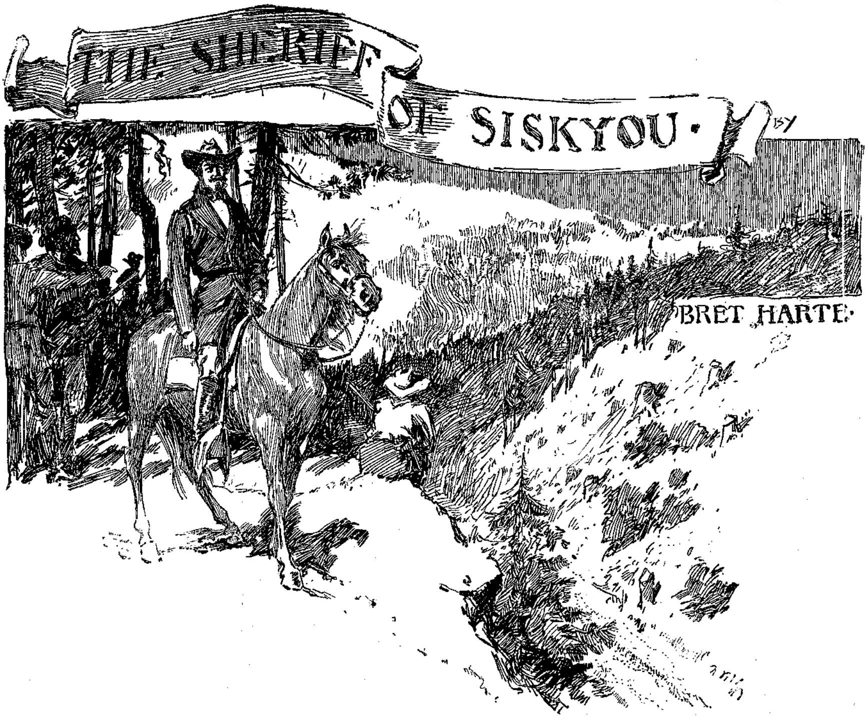
"I have always thought," added Flammarion, "that in some previous existence I must have been bitten by a mad dog, hence my instinctive antipathy to them; though at heart I am very fond of animals of all kinds in general, and of dogs in particular. Indeed, everything in nature interests me, and my principal amusement here, during the spring, is to watch the budding of the trees outside my window."



THE LIBRARY OF THE JUVISY OBSERVATORY.

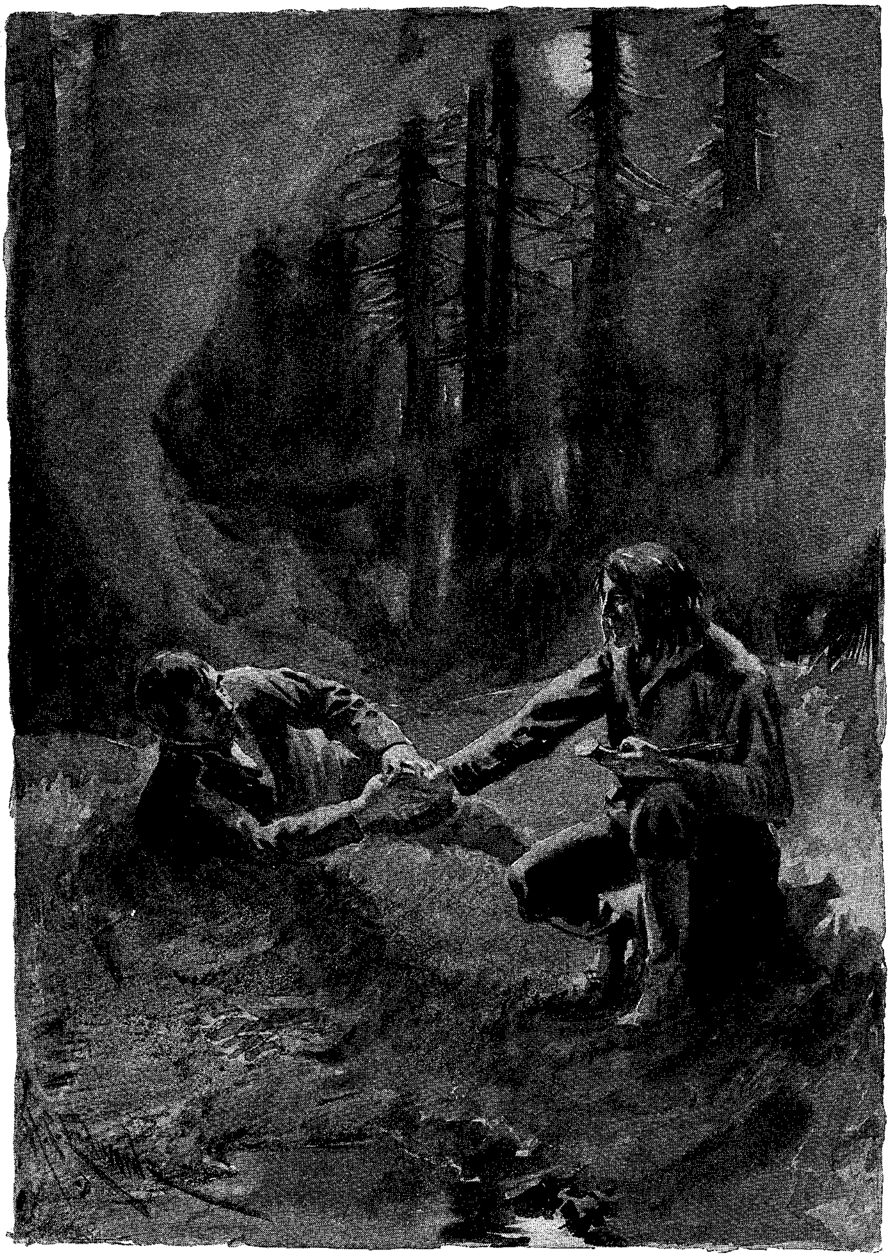
THE SHERIFF OF SISKYOU

BY BRET HARTE



ON the 15th of August, 1854, what seemed to be the entire population of Wynyard's Bar was collected upon a little bluff which overlooked the rude wagon road that was the only approach to the settlement. In general appearance the men differed but little from ordinary miners, although the foreign element—shown in certain Spanish peculiarities of dress and color—predominated, and some of the men were further distinguished by the delicacy of education and sedentary pursuits. Yet Wynyard's Bar was a city of refuge, and comprised among its inhabitants a number who were "wanted" by the State authorities, and its actual attitude at that moment was one of open rebellion against the legal power, and of particular resistance to the apprehension by warrant of one of its prominent members. This gentleman, Major Overstone, then astride of a gray mustang and directing the movements of the crowd, had a few days before killed the sheriff of Siskyou County, who had attempted to arrest him for the double offence of misappropriating certain corporate funds of the State and the shooting of the editor who had imprudently exposed him. The lesser crime of homicide might have been overlooked by the authorities, but its repetition upon the body of their own over-zealous and misguided official could not pass unchallenged, if they expected to arrest Overstone for the more serious offence against property. So it was known that a new sheriff had been appointed, and was coming to Wynyard's Bar with an armed posse. But it was also understood that this invasion would be resisted by the Bar to its last man.

All eyes were turned upon a fringe of laurel and butternut that encroached upon the road half a mile away, where it seemed that such of the inhabitants as were missing from the bluff were hidden to give warning or retard the approach of the posse. A gray haze slowly rising between the fringe and the distant hillside was recognized as the dust of a cavalcade passing along the invisible highway. In the hush of expectancy that followed, the irregular clatter of hoofs, the sharp crack of a



THE HANDS OF THE MEN CLASPED.

rifle, and a sudden halt were faintly audible. The men, scattered in groups on the bluff, exchanged a smile of grim satisfaction.

Not so their leader! A quick start and an oath attracted attention to him. To their surprise he was looking in another direction, but as they looked, too, they saw and understood the cause. A file of horsemen, hitherto undetected, were slowly passing along the little ridge on their right. Their compact accoutrements and the yellow braid on their blue jackets, distinctly seen at that distance, showed them to be an escort of United States cavalry.

Before the assemblage could realize this new invasion, a nearer clatter of hoofs was heard along the high-road, and one of the ambuscading party dashed up from the fringe of woods below. His face was flushed but triumphant.

"A reg'lar skunk! by the living hokey!" he panted, pointing to the faint haze that was again slowly rising above the invisible road. "They backed down as soon as they saw our hand and got a hole through their new sheriff's hat. But what are you lookin' at? What's up?"

The leader impatiently pointed with a darkening face to the file.

"Reg'lars, by gum!" ejaculated the other. "But Uncle Sam ain't in this game! Wot right have they—"

"Dry up!" said the leader.

The escort was now moving at right angles with the camp, but suddenly halted, almost doubling upon itself in some evident commotion. A dismounted figure was seen momentarily flying down the hillside, dodging from bush to bush until lost in the underbrush. A dozen shots were fired over its head, and then the whole escort wheeled and came clattering down the trail in the direction of the camp. A single riderless horse, evidently that of the fugitive, followed.

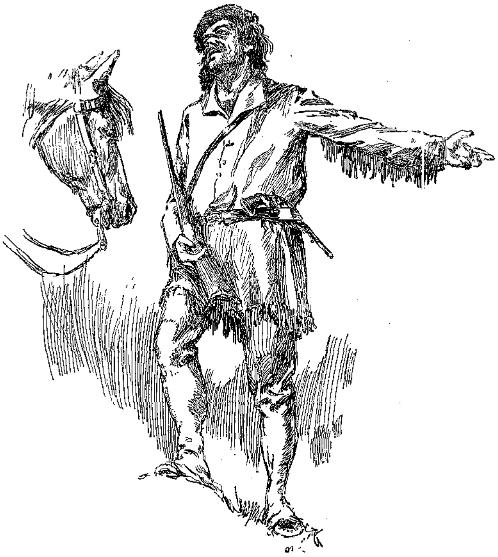
"Spread yourselves along the ridge, every man of you, and cover them as they enter the gulch!" shouted the leader. "But not a shot until I give the word. Scatter!"

The assemblage dispersed like a startled village of prairie dogs, squatting behind every available bush and rock along the line of bluff. The leader alone trotted quietly to the head of the gulch.

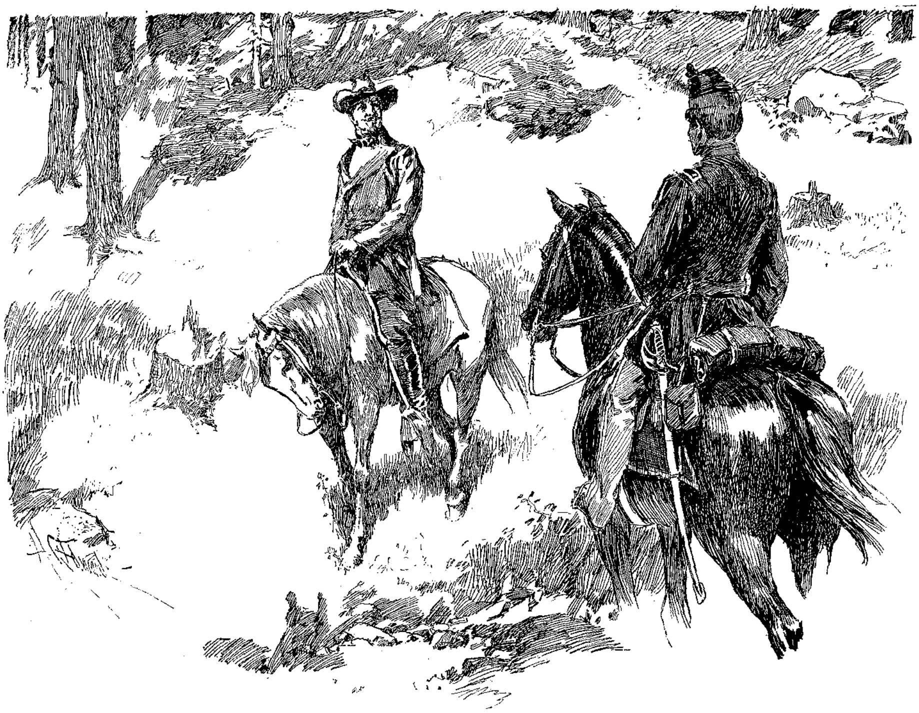
The nine cavalrymen came smartly up in twos, a young officer leading. The single figure of Major Overstone opposed them with a command to halt. Looking up, the young officer drew rein, said a word to his file leader, and the four files closed in a compact square, motionless on the road. The young officer's unsworded hand hung quietly at his thigh; the men's unslung carbines rested easily on their saddles. Yet at that moment every man of them knew that they were covered by a hundred rifles and shotguns levelled from every bush, and that they were caught helplessly in a trap.

"Since when," said Major Overstone, with an affectation of tone and manner different from that in which he had addressed his previous companions, "have the Ninth United States Cavalry helped to serve a State court's pettifogging process?"

"We are hunting a deserter—a half-breed agent—who has just escaped us," returned the officer. His voice was boyish—so, too, was his figure in its slim, cadet-like smartness of belted tunic—but very quiet and level, al-



A REG'LAR SKUNK!



"SINCE WHEN—"

though his face was still flushed with the shock and shame of his surprise.

The relaxation of relief went through the wrought and waiting camp. The soldiers were not seeking them. Ready as these desperate men had been to do their leader's bidding, they were well aware that a momentary victory over the troopers would not pass unpunished, and meant the ultimate dispersion of the camp; and quiet as these innocent invaders seemed to be, they would no doubt sell their lives dearly. The embattled desperadoes glanced anxiously at their leader; the soldiers, on the contrary, looked straight before them.

"Process or no process," said Major Overstone with a sneer, "you've come to the last place to recover your deserter. We don't give up men in Wynyard's Bar. And they didn't teach you at the Academy, sir, to stop to take prisoners when you were outflanked and outnumbered."

"Bedad! they didn't teach you, Captain Overstone, to engage a battery at Cerro Gordo with a half company, but you did it—more shame to you now, sir, commandin' the thayves and ruffians you do."

"Silence!" said the young officer.

The sleeve of the sergeant who had spoken—with the chevrons of long service upon it—went up to a salute and dropped again over his carbine, as he stared stolidly before him. But his shot had told. A flush of mingled pride and shame passed over Overstone's face.

"Oh, it's you, Murphy!" he said, with an affected laugh; "and you haven't improved in discipline with your stripes."

The young officer turned his head slightly.

"Attention!"

"One moment more," said Overstone, coming forward. "I have told you that we don't give up any man who seeks our protection. But," he added, with a half-careless, half-contemptuous wave of his hand and a significant glance at his followers, "we don't prevent you from seeking him. The road is clear; the camp is before you."

The young officer continued without looking at him: "Forward—in two files—open order. Ma-arch!"

The little troop moved forward, passed Major Overstone at the head of the gully, and spread out on the hillside. The assembled camp, still armed, lounging out of ambush here and there, ironically made way for them to pass. A few moments of this farcical quest and a glance at the impenetrably wooded heights around apparently satisfied the young officer, and he turned his files again into the gully. Major Overstone was still lingering there.

"I hope you are satisfied," he said grimly. He then paused, and, in a changed and more hesitating voice, added: "I am an older soldier than you, sir, but I am always glad to make the acquaintance of West Point." He paused and held out his hand.

West Point, still red and rigid, glanced at him with bright clear eyes under light lashes and the peak of a smartly cocked cap, looked coolly at the proffered hand, raised his own to a stiff salute, said "Good afternoon, sir," and rode away.

Major Overstone wheeled angrily, but in doing so came sharply upon his coadjutor—the leader of the ambushed party.

"Well, Dawson," he said impatiently, "who was it?"

"Only one of them d——d half-breed Injin agents. He's just over there in the brush with Simpson, lying low till the soldiers cl'ar out."

"Did you talk to him?"

"Not much!" returned Dawson scornfully. "He ain't my style."

"Fetch him up to my cabin; he may be of some use to us."

Dawson looked skeptical. "I reckon he ain't no more gain here than he was over there," he said, and turned away.

II.

THE cabin of Major Overstone differed outwardly but little from those of his companions. It was the usual structure of logs, laid lengthwise and rudely plastered at each point of contact with adobe, the material from which the chimney, which entirely occupied one gable, was built. It was pierced with two windows and a door, roofed with smaller logs, and thatched with long half cylinders and spruce bark. But the interior gave certain indications of the distinction as well as the peculiar experiences of its occupant. In place of the usual bunk or berth built against the wall stood a small folding camp bedstead, and upon a rude deal table that held a tin wash basin and pail lay two ivory-handled brushes, combs, and other elegant toilet articles, evidently the contents of the major's dressing-bag. A handsome leather trunk occupied one corner, with a richly caparisoned silver-mounted Mexican saddle, a mahogany case of duelling pistols, a leather hat-box, locked and strapped, and a gorgeous gold-and-quartz-handled ebony "presentation" walking-stick. There was a certain dramatic suggestion in this revelation of the sudden and hurried transition from a life of ostentatious luxury to one of hidden toil and privation, and a further significance in the slow and gradual destitution and degradation of these elegant souvenirs. A pair of silver boot-hooks had been used for raking the hearth and lifting the coffee kettle; the ivory of the brushes was stained with coffee; the cut-glass bottles had lost their stoppers and had been utilized for vinegar and salt; a silver-framed hand mirror hung against the blackened wall. For the major's occupancy was the sequel of a hurried flight from his luxurious hotel at Sacramento—a transfer that he believed was only temporary, until the affair blew over and he could return in safety to browbeat his accusers, as was his wont. But this had not been so easy as he had imagined; his prosecutors were bitter, and his enforced seclusion had been prolonged week by week, until the fracas which ended in the shooting of the sheriff had apparently closed the door upon his return to civilization forever. Only here was his life and person secure. For Wynyard's Bar had quickly succumbed to the domination of his reckless courage, and the eminence of his double crime had made him respected among spendthrifts, gamblers, and gentlemen whose performances had never risen above a stage-coach robbery or a single assassination. Even criticism of his faded luxuries had been delicately withheld.

He was leaning over his open trunk —which the camp popularly supposed to contain State bonds and securities of fabulous amount—and had taken some letters from it, when a figure darkened the doorway. He looked up, laying his papers carelessly aside. Within Wynyard's Bar property was sacred.

It was the late fugitive. Although some hours had already elapsed since his arrival in camp, and he had presumably refreshed himself inwardly, his outward appearance was still dishevelled and dusty. Brier and milk-weed clung to his frayed blouse and trousers. What could be seen of the skin of his face and hands under its stains and begriming, was of a dull yellow. His light eyes had all the brightness without the restlessness of the mongrel race. They leisurely took in the whole cabin, the still open trunk before the major, and then rested deliberately on the major himself.

"Well," said Major Overstone abruptly, "what brought you here?"

"Same as brought you, I reckon," responded the man almost as abruptly.

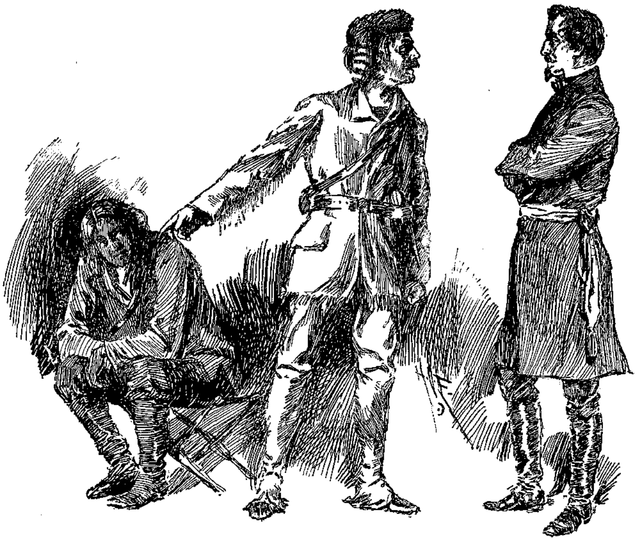
The major knew something of the half-breed temper, and neither the retort nor its tone affected him.

"You didn't come here just because you deserted," said the major coolly. "You've been up to something else."

"I have," said the man with equal coolness.

"I thought so. Now, you understand you can't try anything of the kind here. If you do, up you go on the first tree! That's Rule 1."

"I see; you ain't pertickler about waiting for the sheriff here—you fellers."



"MY CABIN! HIM?"

The major glanced at him quickly. He seemed to be quite unconscious of any irony in his remark, and continued grimly: "And what's Rule 2?"

"I reckon you needn't trouble yourself beyond No. 1," returned the major, with dry significance. Nevertheless he opened a rude cupboard in the corner and brought out a rich, silver-mounted cut-glass drinking-flask, which he handed to the stranger.

"I say!" said the half-breed, admiringly. "Yours?"

"Certainly."

"Certainly now—but before, eh?"

Rule No. 2 may have indicated that references to the past held no dishonor. The major, although accustomed to these pleasantries, laughed a little harshly.

"Mine always," he said. "But you don't drink?"

The half-breed's face darkened under its grime. "Wot you're givin' us? I've been filled chock up by Simpson over thar. I reckon I know when I've got a load on."

"Were you ever in Sacramento?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last week."

"Did you hear anything about me?"

The half-breed glanced through his tangled hair at the major in some wonder, not only at the question, but at the almost childish eagerness with which it was asked.

"I didn't hear much of anything else," he answered grimly.

"And—what did they say?"

"Said you'd got to be took anyhow! They allowed the new sheriff would do it, too."

The major laughed. "Well, you heard how the new sheriff did it—skunked away with his whole posse before one-eighth of my men! You saw how the rest of this camp held up your nine troopers and that sap-headed cub of a lieutenant, didn't you? You wouldn't have been standing here if you hadn't. No! There isn't the civil process nor the civil power in all California that can take me out of this camp."

But neither his previous curiosity nor present bravado seemed to impress the ragged stranger with much favor. He glanced sulkily around the cabin and began to shuffle toward the door.

"Stop! Where are you going to? Sit down; I want to talk to you."

The fugitive hesitated for a moment, and then dropped ungraciously on the edge of a campstool near the door. The major looked at him.

"I may have to remind you that I run this camp, and the boys hereabouts do pretty much as I say. What's your name?"

"Tom."

"Tom? Well, look here, Tom! D——n it all! Can't you see that when a man is stuck here alone, as I am, he wants to know what's going on outside and hear a little fresh talk?"

The singular weakness of this blended command and appeal apparently struck the fugitive curiously. He fixed his lowering eyes on the major as if in gloomy doubt if he were really the reckless desperado he had been represented. That this man—twice an assassin, and the ruler of outlaws as reckless as himself—should approach him in this half-confidential way evidently puzzled him.

"Wot you wanter know?" he asked gruffly.

"Well—what's my party saying or doing about me?" said the major impatiently. "What's the *Express* saying about me?"

"I reckon they're throwing off on you all round; they allow you never represented the party—but worked for yourself," said the man shortly.

Here the major lashed out: A set of traitors and hirelings! He had bought and paid for them all! He had sunk two thousand dollars in the *Express* and saved the editor from being horse-whipped and jailed for libel! Half the cursed bonds that they were making such a blanked fuss about were handled by these hypocrites, blank them! They were a low-lived crew of thieves and deserters! It is presumed that the major had forgotten himself in this infelicitous selection of epithets—but the stranger's face only relaxed into a grim smile. More than that, the major had apparently forgotten his desire to hear his guest talk, for he himself at once launched into an elaborate exposition of his own affairs, and a specious and equally elaborate defence and justification of himself and denunciation of his accusers. For nearly half an hour he reviewed step by step and detail by detail the charges against him, with plausible explanation and sophistical argument—always with a singular prolixity and reiteration that spoke of incessant consciousness and self-abstraction. Of that dashing self-sufficiency which had dazzled his friends and awed his enemies there was no trace! At last even the set smile of the degraded recipient of these confidences darkened with a dull, bewildered disgust. Then to his relief a step was heard without. The major's manner instantly changed.

"Well," he demanded impatiently, as Dawson entered.

"I came to know what you want done with him," said Dawson, indicating the fugitive with a contemptuous finger.

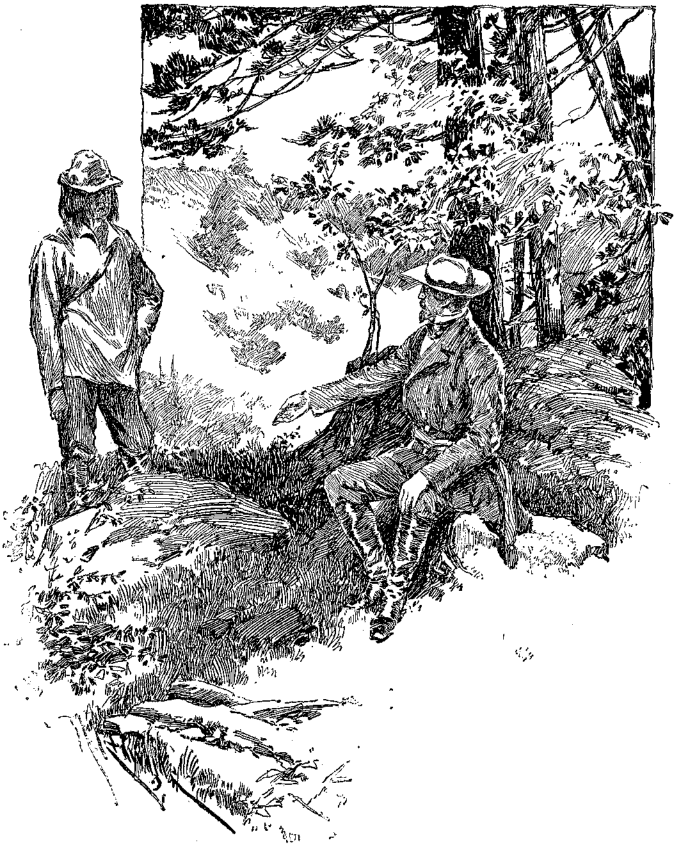
"Take him to your cabin."

"My cabin! Him?" ejaculated Dawson, turning sharply on his chief.

The major's light eyes contracted and his thin lips became a straight line. "I don't think you understand me, Dawson, and another time you'd better wait until I've done. I want you to take him to your cabin and then clear out of it yourself. You understand? I want him near me and alone!"

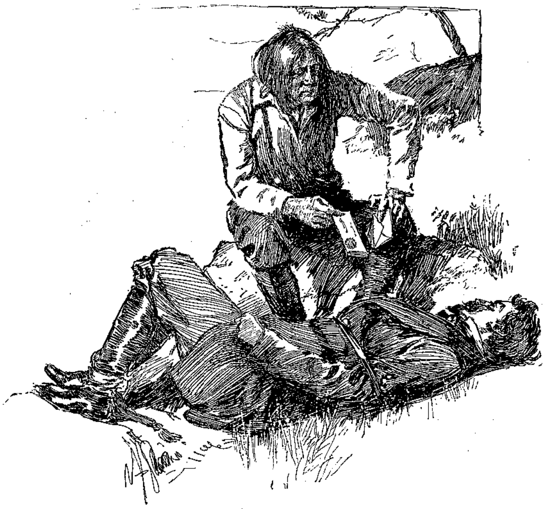
Dawson was not astonished, the next morning, to see Major Overstone and the half-breed walking together down the gully road. For he had already come to the conclusion that the major was planning some extraordinary reprisal against the invaders that would insure the perpetual security of the camp. That he should use so insignificant and unimportant a tool now appeared to him to be quite natural, particularly as the service was probably one in which the man would be sacrificed. "The major," he suggested to his companions, "ain't going to risk a white man's skin when he can get an Injin's hide handy."

The reluctant, hesitating step of the half-breed as they walked along seemed to give some color to this hypothesis. He listened sullenly to the major as he pointed out the strategic position of the Bar. "That wagon road is the only approach to Wynyard's, and a dozen men along the rocks could hold it



THE MAJOR SAT DOWN ON A BOULDER AND POINTED TO ANOTHER.

against a hundred. The trail that you came by, over the ridge, drops straight into this gully, and you saw what that would mean to any blanked fools who might try it. Of course, we could be shelled from that ridge, if the sheriff had a howitzer, or the men also knew how to work one; but even then we could occupy the ridge before them." He paused a moment and then added:


"THERE'S MY WARRANT."

"I used to be in the army, Tom; I saw service in Mexico before that cub you got away from had his first trousers. I was brought up as a gentleman—blank it all!—and here I am!"

The man slouched on by his side, casting his surly, furtive glances from left to right as if seeking to escape from these confidences. Nevertheless the major kept on through the gully, until reaching the wagon road they crossed it and began to ascend the opposite slope, half hidden by the underbrush and larches. Here the major paused again and faced about. The cabins of the settlement were already behind the bluff; the little stream which indicated the "bar," on which some perfunctory mining was still continued, now and then rang out quite clearly at their feet, although the bar itself had disappeared. The sounds of occupation and labor had at last died out in the distance. They were quite alone. The major sat down on a boulder and pointed to another. The man, however, remained sullenly standing where he was, as if to accent as strongly as possible the enforced companionship. Either the major was too self-absorbed to notice it, or accepted it as a satisfactory characteristic of the half-breed race. He continued confidently:

"Now, look here, Tom! I want to leave this cursed hole and get clear out of the State! Anywhere!—over the Oregon line into British Columbia, or to the coast, where I can get a coasting vessel down to Mexico! It will cost money, but I've got it! It will cost a lot of risks, but I'll take them! I want somebody to help me—some one to share risks with me, and some one to share my luck if I succeed. Help to put me on the other side of the border line, by sea or land, and I'll give you a thousand dollars down before we start—and a thousand dollars when I'm safe."

The half-breed had changed his slouching attitude. It seemed more indolent on account of the loosely hanging strap that had once held his haversack, which was still worn in a slovenly fashion over his shoulder, as a kind of lazy sling for his shiftless hand.

"Well, Tom, is it a go? You can trust me, for you'll have the thousand in your pocket before you start. I can trust you, for I'll kill you quicker than lightning if you say a word of this to any one before I go or play a single trick on me afterward."

Suddenly the two men were rolling over and over in the underbrush. The half-breed had thrown himself upon the major, bearing him down to the ground. The haversack strap for an instant whirled like the loop of a lasso in the air, and descended over the major's shoulders, pinioning his arms to his side. Then the half-breed, tearing open his ragged blouse, stripped off his waist belt, and as dexterously slipped it over the ankles of the struggling man.

It was all over in a moment. Neither

had spoken a word. Only their rapid panting broke the profound silence. Each probably knew that no outcry would be overheard.

For the first time the half-breed sat down. But there was no trace of triumph or satisfaction in his face, which wore the same lowering look of disgust as he gazed upon the prostrate man.

"I want to tell you first," he said, slowly wiping his face, "that I didn't kalkilate upon doin' this in this yer kind o' way. I expected more of a stan' up fight from you—more risk in gettin' you out o' that hole—and a different kind of a man to tackle. I never expected you to play into my hand like this, and it goes against me to hev to take advantage of it."

"Who are you?" said the major, pantingly.

"I'm the new sheriff of Siskyou." He drew from beneath his begrimed shirt a paper wrapping, from which he gingerly extracted with the ends of his dirty fingers a clean legal-looking folded paper. "That's my warrant! I've kept it fresh for you. I reckon you don't care to read it—you've seen it afore. It's just the same as t'other sheriff had—what you shot."

"Then this was a plan of yours and that whelp's escort?" said the major.

"Neither him nor the escort knows any more about it than you," returned the sheriff slowly. "I enlisted as Injin guide or scout ten days ago. I deserted just as reg'lar and nat'ral like when we passed that ridge yesterday. I could be took to-morrow by the sojers, if they caught sight o' me, and court-martialled—it's as reg'lar as that! But I timed to have my posse, under a deputy, draw you off by an attack, just as the escort reached the ridge. And here I am."

"And you're no half-breed?"

"There's nothin' Injin about me that water won't wash off. I kalkilated you wouldn't suspect anything so insignificant as an Injin when I fixed myself up. You see Dawson didn't hanker after me much. But I didn't reckon on your tumbling to me so quick. That's what gets me! You must hev been pretty low down for kempany when you took a man like me inter your confidence. I don't see it yet."

He looked inquiringly at his captive, with the same wondering surliness. Nor could he understand another thing which was evident. After the first shock of resistance, the major had exhibited none of the indignation of a betrayed man, but actually seemed to accept the situation with a calmness that his captor lacked. His voice was quite unemotional as he said:

"And how are you going to get me away from here?"

"That's my look-out and needn't trouble you, Major; but seeing as how confidential you've been to me, I don't mind tellin' you. Last night that posse of mine that you 'skunked,' you know, halted at the cross-roads till them sojers went by. They had only to see them to know that I had got away. They'll hang round the cross-roads till they see my signal on top of the ridge, and then they'll make another show agen that pass. Your men will have their hands full, I reckon, without huntin' for you, or noticin' the three men o' mine that will come along this ridge where the sojers come yesterday—to help me get you down in the same way. You see, Major, your little trap in that gully ain't in this fight; we're the other side of it. I ain't much of a soldier, but I reckon I've got you there; and it's all owing to you. I ain't," he added gloomily, "takin' much pride in it myself."

"I shouldn't think you would," said the major. "And look here! I'll double that offer I made you just now. Set me down just as I am, on the deck of some coasting vessel, and I'll pay you four thousand dollars. You may have all the glory of having captured me here, and of making your word good before your posse. But you can arrange afterward on the way to let me give you the slip somewhere near Sacramento."

The sheriff's face actually brightened. "Thanks for that, Major. I was gettin' a little sick of my share in this job, but, by God! you've put some sand in me. Well, then, there ain't gold enough in all Californy to make me let you go! You hear me? So drop that. I've took you, and took ye'll remain until I land you in Sacramento jail. I don't want to kill you, though your life's forfeit a dozen times over, and I reckon you don't care for it either way, but if you try any tricks on me I may have to maim ye to make you come along comf'able and easy. I ain't hankerin' arter that either, but come you shall."

"Give your signal and have an end of this," said the major curtly.

The sheriff looked at him again curiously. "I never had my hands in another man's pockets before, Major, but I reckon I'll have to take your derringers from yours." He slipped his hand into the major's waistcoat and secured the weapons. "I'll have to trouble you for your sash, too," he said, unwinding the knitted silken girdle from the captive's waist. "You won't want it, you ain't walking, and it'll come in handy to me just now."

He bent over, and passing it across the major's breast with more gentleness and solicitude than he had yet shown, secured him in an easy sitting posture against the tree. Then, after carefully trying the knots and straps that held his prisoner, he turned and lightly bounded up the hill.

He was absent scarcely ten minutes, yet when he returned the major's eyes were half closed. But not his lips. "If you expect to hold me until your posse comes, you had better take me to some less exposed position," he said dryly. "There's a man just crossed the gully coming into the brush below in the wood."

"None of your tricks, Major."

"Look for yourself!"

The sheriff glanced quickly below him. A man with an axe on his shoulder could be seen plainly making his way through the underbrush not a hundred yards away. The sheriff instantly clapped his hand upon his captive's mouth, but at a look from his eyes took it away again.

"I see," he said grimly. "You don't want to lure that man within reach of my revolver by calling to him."

"I could have called him while you were away," returned the major quietly.

The sheriff, with a darkened face, loosened the sash that bound his prisoner to the tree, and then, lifting him in his arms, began to ascend the hill cautiously, dipping into the heavier shadows. But the ascent was difficult, the load a heavy one, and the sheriff was agile rather than muscular. After a few minutes' climbing he was forced to pause and rest his burden at the foot of a tree. But the valley and the man in the underbrush were no longer in view.

"Come," said the major quietly, "unstrap my ankles, and I'll walk up. We'll never get there at this rate."

The sheriff paused, wiped his grimy face with his grimier blouse, and stood looking at his prisoner. Then he said slowly:

"Look yer! Wot's yer little game? Blessed if I kin follow suit."

For the first time the major burst into a rage. "Blast it all! Don't you see that if I'm discovered here—in this way—there's not a man on the Bar who would believe that I walked into your trap—not a man, by God! who wouldn't think it was a trick of yours and mine together."

"Or," interrupted the sheriff, slowly fixing his eyes on his prisoner, "not a man who would ever trust Major Overstone for a leader again."

"Perhaps," said the major unmovedly again. "I don't think either of us would ever get a chance of being trusted again by any one."

The sheriff still kept his eyes fixed on his prisoner, his gloomy face growing darker under its grime. "That ain't the reason, Major. Life and death mean much more to you than they do to me in this yer game. I know that you'd kill me quicker nor lightning if you got the chance; you know that I'm takin' you to the gallows."

"The reason is that I want to leave Wynyard's Bar," said the major, coolly. "And even this way out of it will suit me."

The sheriff took his revolver from his pocket and deliberately cocked it. Then leaning down, he unbuckled the strap from the major's ankles. A wild hope that his incomprehensible captive might seize that moment to develop his real intent; that he might fly, fight, or in some way act up to his reckless reputation, sustained him for a moment, but in the next proved futile. The major only said: "Thank you, Tom," and stretched his cramped legs.

"Get up and go on," said the sheriff roughly.

The major began to slowly ascend the hill, the sheriff close on his heels, alert, tingling, and watchful of every movement. For a few moments this strain upon his faculties seemed to invigorate him, and his gloom relaxed; but presently it became too evident that the prisoner's pinioned arms made it impossible for him to balance or help himself on that steep trail, and once or twice he stumbled and reeled dangerously to one side. With an oath the sheriff caught him and tore from his arms the only remaining bonds that fettered him. "There!" he said savagely; "go on—we're equal."

Without replying, the major continued his ascent; it became steeper as they neared the crest, and at last they were both obliged to drag themselves up by clutching the vines and underbrush. Suddenly the major stopped with a listening gesture. A strange roaring—as of wind or water—was distinctly audible.

"How did you signal?" asked the major abruptly.

"Made a smoke," said the sheriff as abruptly.

"I thought so. Well, you've set the wood on fire."

They both plunged upward again, now quite abreast, vying with each other to reach the summit as if with the one thought only. Already the sting and smart of acrid fumes were in their eyes and nostrils. When they at last stood on level ground again it was hidden by a thin film of grayish-blue haze that seemed to be creeping along it. But above was the clear sky, seen through the interlacing boughs, and to their surprise, they who had just come from the breathless, stagnant hillside, a fierce wind was blowing! But the roaring was louder than before.

"Unless your three men are already here, your game is up," said the major calmly. "The wind blows dead along the ridge where they should come, and they can't get through the smoke and fire."

It was indeed true! In the scarce twenty minutes that had elapsed since the sheriff's return the dry and brittle underbrush for half a mile on either side had been converted into a sheet of flame, which at times rose to a furnace blast through the tall, chimney-like conductors of three shafts, from whose shrivelled sides bark was crackling and lighted dead limbs falling in all directions. The whole valley, the gully, the Bar, the very hillside they had just left, was blotted out by a creeping, stifling smoke-fog, that scarcely rose breast high, but was beaten down or cut off cleanly by the violent wind that swept the higher level of the forest. At times this gale became a sirocco in temperature, concentrating its heat in withering blasts which they could not face, or focussing its intensity upon some mass of foliage that seemed to shrink at its touch and open a scathed and quivering aisle to its approach. The enormous skeleton of a dead and rotten redwood, not a hundred yards to their right, broke suddenly like a gigantic firework into sparks and flame.

The sheriff had grasped the full meaning of their situation. In spite of his first error—the very carelessness of familiarity—his knowledge of woodcraft was greater than his companion's, and he saw their danger.

"Come," he said quickly, "we must make for an opening or we shall be caught."

The major smiled in misapprehension.

"Who could catch us here?"

The sheriff pointed to the blazing tree. "That," he said. "In five minutes it will have a posse that will wipe us out."

He caught the major by the arm and rushed him into the smoke, and apparently in the direction of the greatest mass of flame. The heat was suffocating, but it struck the major that the more they approached the actual scene of conflagration the heat and smoke became less, until he saw that the fire was retreating before them and the following wind. In a few moments their haven of safety—the expanse already burned over—came in sight. Here and there, seen dimly through the drifting smoke, the scattered embers that still strewed the forest floor glowed in weird, nebulous spots like will-o'-the-wisps. For an instant the major hesitated; the sheriff cast a significant glance behind them.

"Go on; it's our only chance," he said imperatively.

They darted on, skimming the blackened or smouldering surface, which at times struck out spark and flame from their heavier footprints as they passed. Their boots crackled and scorched beneath them; their shreds of clothing were on fire; their breathing became more difficult, until, providentially, they fell upon an abrupt, fissure-like depression of the soil, which the fire had leaped, and into which they blindly plunged and rolled together. A moment of relief and coolness followed as they crept along the fissure filled with damp and rotting leaves.

"Why not stay here?" said the exhausted prisoner.

"And be roasted like sweet potatoes when these trees catch?" returned the sheriff grimly. "No." Even as he spoke a dropping rain of fire spattered through the leaves from a splintered redwood, before overlooked, that was now blazing fiercely in the upper wind. A vague and undefinable terror was in the air. The conflagration no longer seemed to obey any rule of direction. They scrambled out of the hollow and again dashed desperately forward.

Beaten, bruised, blackened, and smoke-grimed, looking less human than the animals who had long since deserted the crest, they at last limped into a "wind opening" in the woods that the fire had skirted. The major sank exhaustedly to the ground; the sheriff threw himself beside him. Their strange relations to each other seemed to have been forgotten; they looked and acted as if they no longer thought of anything beyond the present. And when the sheriff finally arose, and, disappearing for several minutes, brought his hat full of water for his prisoner from a distant spring that they had passed in their flight, he found him where he had left him, unchanged and unmoved.

He took the water gratefully, and after a pause fixed his eyes earnestly upon his captor. "I want you to do a favor to me," he said slowly. "I'm not going to offer you a bribe to do it, either, nor ask you anything that isn't in line with your duty. I think I understand you now, if I didn't before. Do you know Briggs's restaurant in Sacramento?"

The sheriff nodded.

"Well, over the restaurant are my private rooms—the finest in Sacramento. Nobody knows it but Briggs, and he has never told. They've been locked ever since I left; I've got the key still in my pocket. Now, when we get to Sacramento, instead of taking me straight to jail, I want you to hold me there as your prisoner for a day and a night. I don't want to get away; you can take what precautions you like—surround the house with policemen, and sleep yourself in the anteroom. I don't want to destroy any papers or evidence; you can go through the rooms and examine everything before and after. I only want to stay there a day and a night; I want to be in my old rooms, have my meals from the restaurant as I used to, and sleep in my own bed once more. I want to live for one day like a gentleman, as I used to live before I came here. That's all. It isn't much, Tom; you can do it and say you require to do it to get evidence against me, or that you want to search the rooms."

The expression of wonder which had come into the sheriff's face at the beginning of this speech deepened into his old look of surly dissatisfaction. "And that's all ye want?" he said gloomily. "Ye don't want no friends—no lawyer? For I tell you straight out, Major, there ain't no hope for ye when the law once gets hold of ye in Sacramento."

"That's all. Will you do it?"

The sheriff's face grew still darker. After a pause he said: "I don't say 'no,' and I don't say 'yes.' But," he added grimly, "it strikes me we'd better wait till we get clear o' these woods before you think o' your Sacramento lodgings."

The major did not reply. The day had worn on, but the fire now completely encircling them opposed any passage in or out of that fateful barrier. The smoke of the burning underbrush hung low around them in a bank equally impenetrable to vision. They were as alone as shipwrecked sailors on an island girdled by a horizon of clouds.

"I'm going to try to sleep," said the major; "if your men come, you can waken me."

"And if your men come?" said the sheriff dryly.

"Shoot me."

He lay down, closed his eyes, and to the sheriff's astonishment presently fell asleep. The sheriff, with his chin in his grimy hands, sat and watched him as the day slowly darkened around them and the distant fires came out in more lurid intensity. The face of the captive and outlawed murderer was singularly peaceful; that of the captor and man of duty was haggard, wild, and perplexed.

But even this changed soon. The sleeping man stirred restlessly and uneasily, his face began to work, his lips to move. "Tom!" he gasped suddenly. "Tom!"

The sheriff bent over him eagerly. The sleeping man's eyes were still closed; beads of sweat stood upon his forehead. He was dreaming.

"Tom," he whispered, "take me out of this place—take me out from those dogs and pimps and beggars! Listen, Tom—they're Sydney Duck's ticket-of-leave men, short card sharps, and sneak thieves! There isn't a gentleman among 'em. There isn't one I don't loathe and hate—and wouldn't grind under my heel elsewhere. I'm a gentleman, Tom—yes, by God!—an officer and a gentleman! I've served my country in the Ninth Cavalry. That cub of West Point knows it and despises me, seeing me here in such company. That sergeant knows it—I recommended him for his first stripes—for all he taunts me, d——n him!"

"Come! wake up!" said the sheriff harshly.

The prisoner did not heed him; the sheriff shook him roughly, so roughly that the major's waistcoat and shirt dragged open and disclosed his fine silk undershirt, delicately worked and embroidered with golden thread. At the sight of this abased and faded magnificence the sheriff's hand was stayed; his eye wandered over the sleeping form before him. Yes, the hair was dyed, too; near the roots it was quite white and grizzled; the pomatum was coming off the pointed mustache and imperial; the face in that light was very haggard; the lines from the angle of the nostril and mouth were like deep, half-healed gashes. The major was, without doubt, prematurely worn and played out.

The sheriff's persistent eyes, however, seemed to effect what his ruder hand could not. The sleeping man stirred, awoke to full consciousness, and sat up.

"Are they here? I'm ready," he said calmly.

"No," said the sheriff deliberately. "I only woke ye to say that I've been thinkin' over what you asked of me, and if we get to Sacramento all right, why I'll do it, and give ye that day and night at your old lodgings."

"Thank you."

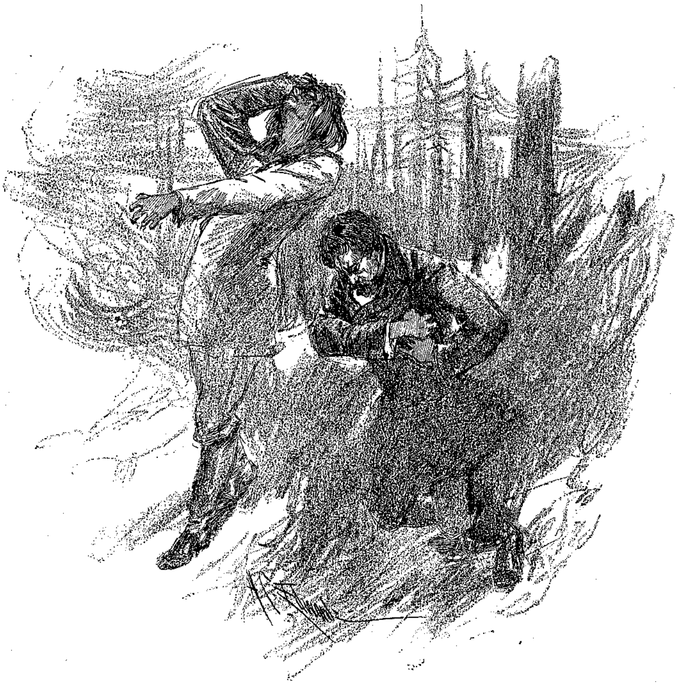
The major reached out his hand; the sheriff hesitated, and then extended his own. The hands of the two men clasped for the first, and, it would seem, the last time.

. . . .

For the "cub of West Point" was, like most cubs, irritable when thwarted. And having been balked of his prey, the deserter, and possibly chaffed by his comrades for his profitless invasion of Wynyard's Bar, he had persuaded his commanding officer to give him permission to effect a recapture. Thus it came about that at dawn, filing along the ridge, on the outskirts of the fire, his heart was gladdened by the sight of the half-breed, with his hanging hammock belt and tattered army tunic, evidently still a fugitive, not a hundred yards away on the other side of the belt of fire, running down the hill with another ragged figure at his side. The command to "halt" was enforced by a single rifle shot over the fugitives' heads—but they still kept on their flight. Then the boy officer snatched a carbine from one of his men, a volley rang out from the little troop—the shots of the privates mercifully high, those of the officer and sergeant levelled with wounded pride and full of deliberate purpose. The half-breed fell, so did his companion, and rolling over together, both lay still.

But between the hunters and their fallen quarry roared the *cheval-de-frise* of flame and fallen timber, impossible to cross. The young officer hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, wheeled his men, and left the fire to correct any irregularity in his action.

It did not, however, change contemporaneous history. For, a week later, when Wynyard's Bar discovered Major Overstone lying beside the man now recognized by them as the disguised sheriff of Siskyou, they rejoiced at this unfailing evidence of their lost leader's unequalled prowess. That he had again killed a sheriff and fought a whole posse, yielding only with his life, was never doubted, and kept his memory green in Sierran chronicles long after Wynyard's Bar had itself become a memory.



THE EBB TIDE.

A TRIO AND QUARTETTE.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND LLOYD OSBOURNE,

Authors of "The Wrecker," etc.

"*There is a tide in the affairs of men.*"

PART II.—THE QUARTETTE.—*Continued.*

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

THE DINNER PARTY.

AS the boy was filling Huish's glass, the bottle escaped from his hand and was shattered, and the wine spilt on the veranda floor. Instant grimness as of death appeared in the face of Attwater; he smote the bell imperiously, and the two brown natives fell into the attitude of attention, and stood mute and trembling. There was just a moment of silence and hard looks; then followed a few savage words in the native; and, upon a gesture of dismissal, the service proceeded as before.

None of the party had as yet observed upon the excellent bearing of the two men. They were dark, undersized, and well set up; stepped softly, waited deftly, brought on the wines and dishes at a look, and their eyes attended studiously on their master.

"Where do you get your labor from, anyway?" asked Davis.

"Ah, where not?" answered Attwater.

"Not much of a soft job, I suppose?" said the captain.

"If you will tell me where getting labor is," said Attwater with a shrug. "And, of course, in our case, as we could name no destination, we had to go far and wide, and do the best we could. We have gone as far west as the Kingsmills, and as far south as Rapa-iti. Pity Symmonds isn't here! He is full of yarns. That was his part, to collect them. Then began mine, which was the educational."

"You mean to run them?" said Davis.

"Ay, to run them," said Attwater.

"Wait a bit," said Davis, "I'm out of my depth. How was this? Do you mean to say you did it single-handed?"

"One did it single-handed," said Attwater, "because there was nobody to help one."

"By God, but you must be a holy terror!" cried the captain, in a glow of admiration.

"One does one's best," said Attwater.

"Well, now!" said Davis, "I have seen a lot of driving in my time, and been counted a good driver myself; I fought my way, third mate, round the Cape Horn with a push of packet-rats that would have turned the Devil out of hell and shut the door on him; and, I tell you, this racket of Mr. Attwater's takes the cake. In a ship—why, there ain't nothing to it! You've got the law with you, that's what does it. But put me down on this blame' beach alone, with nothing but a whip and a mouthful of bad words, and ask me to —no, *sir!* it's not good enough! I haven't got the sand for that!" cried Davis. "It's the law behind," he added; "it's the law does it, every time!"

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"The beak ain't as black as he's sometimes pynted," observed Huish, humorously.

"Well, one got the law after a fashion," said Attwater. "One had to be a number of things. It was sometimes rather a bore."

"I should smile!" said Davis. "Rather lively, I should think."

"I dare say we mean the same thing," said Attwater. "However, one way or another, one got it knocked into their heads that they *must* work, and they *did*—until the Lord took them."

"'Ope you made 'em jump," said Huish.

"When it was necessary, Mr. Whish, I made them jump," said Attwater.

"You bet you did!" cried the captain. He was a good deal flushed, but not so much with wine as admiration; and his eyes drank in the huge proportions of the other with delight. "You bet you did, and you bet that I can see you doing it. By God, you're a man; and you can say I said so!"

"Too good of you, I'm sure," said Attwater.

"Did you—did you ever have crime here?" asked Herrick, breaking his silence with a plangent voice.

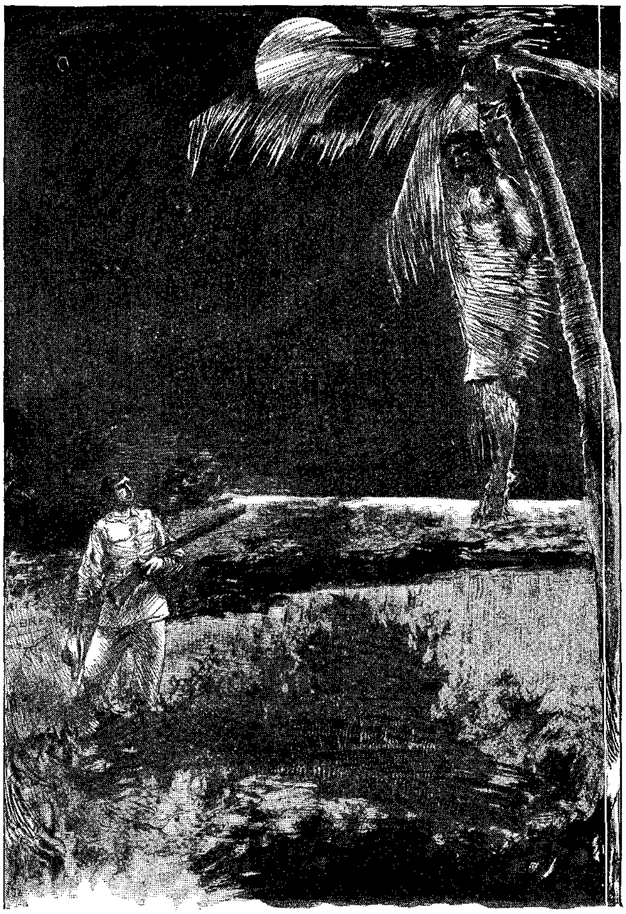
"Yes," said Attwater, "we did."

"And how did you handle that, sir?" cried the eager captain.

"Well, you see, it was a queer case," replied Attwater. "It was a case that would have puzzled Solomon. Shall I tell it you? Yes?"

The captain rapturously accepted.

"Well," drawled Attwater, "here is what it was. I dare say you know two types of natives, which may be called the obsequious and the sullen? Well, one had them, the types themselves, detected in the fact; and one had them together. Obsequiousness ran out of the first like wine out of a bottle; sullenness congested in the second. Obsequiousness was all smiles; he ran to catch your eye; he loved to gabble; and he had about a dozen words of beach English and an eighth of an inch veneer of Christianity. Sullens was industrious; a big, down-looking bee. When he was spoken to, he answered with a black look and a shrug of one shoulder, but the thing would be done. I don't give him to you for a model of manners; there was nothing showy about Sullens, but he was strong and steady, and ungraciously obedient. Now, Sullens got into trouble; no matter how; the regulations of the place



were broken, and he was punished accordingly — without effect. So the next day, and the next, and the day after, till I began to be weary of the business, and Sullens (I am afraid) particularly so. There came a day when he was in fault again, for perhaps the thirtieth time; and he rolled a dull eye upon me, with a spark in it, and appeared to speak. Now, the regulations of the place are formal upon one point: we allow no explanations. None are received, none allowed to be offered. So one stopped him instantly, but made a note of the circumstance. The next day he was gone from the settlement. There could be nothing more annoying; if the labor took to running away, the fishery was wrecked. There are sixty miles of this island, you see, all in length, like the Queen's Highway; the idea of pursuit in such a place was a piece of single-minded childishness, which one did not entertain. Two days later I made a discovery. It came in upon me with a flash that Sullens had been unjustly punished from beginning to end, and the real culprit throughout had been Obsequiousness. The native who talks, like the woman who hesitates, is lost. You set him talking and lying, and he talks and lies, and watches your face to see if he has pleased you, till at last out comes the truth! It came out of Obsequiousness in the regular course. I said nothing to him; I dismissed him; and, late as it was, for it was already night, set off to look for Sullens. I had not far to go; about two hundred yards up the island the moon showed him to me. He was hanging in a cocoa palm—I'm not botanist enough to tell you how—but it's the way, in nine cases out of ten, these natives commit suicide. His tongue was out, poor devil, and the birds had got at him. I spare you details; he was an ugly sight! I gave the business six good hours of thinking in this veranda. My justice had been made a fool of. I don't suppose that I was ever angrier. Next day I had the conch sounded and all hands out before sunrise. One took one's gun and led the way with Obsequiousness. He was very talkative; the beggar supposed that all was right, now he had confessed. In the old schoolboy phrase, he was plainly 'sucking up' to me; full of protestations of good will and good behavior, to which one answered one really can't remember what. Presently the tree came in sight, and the hanged man. They all burst out lamenting for their comrade in the island way, and Obsequiousness was the loudest of the mourners. He was quite genuine; a noxious creature, without any consciousness of guilt. Well, presently—to make a long story short—one told him to go up the tree. He stared a bit, looked at one with a trouble in his eye, and had rather a sickly smile, but went. He was obedient to the last; he had all the pretty virtues, but the truth was not in him. So soon as he was up, he looked down, and there was the rifle covering him; and at that he gave a whimper like a dog. You could hear a pin drop; no more keening now. There they all crouched upon the ground with bulging eyes; there was he in the tree-top, the color of lead; and between was the dead man, dancing a bit in the air. He was obedient to the last, recited his crime, recommended his soul to God. And then—"

Attwater paused, and Herrick, who had been listening attentively, made a convulsive movement which upset his glass.

"And then?" said the breathless captain.

"Shot," said Attwater. "They came to ground together."

Herrick sprang to his feet with a shriek and an insensate gesture.

"It was a murder," he screamed. "A cold-hearted, bloody-minded murder! You monstrous being! Murderer and hypocrite! Murderer and hypocrite! Murderer and hypocrite!" he repeated, and his tongue stumbled among the words.

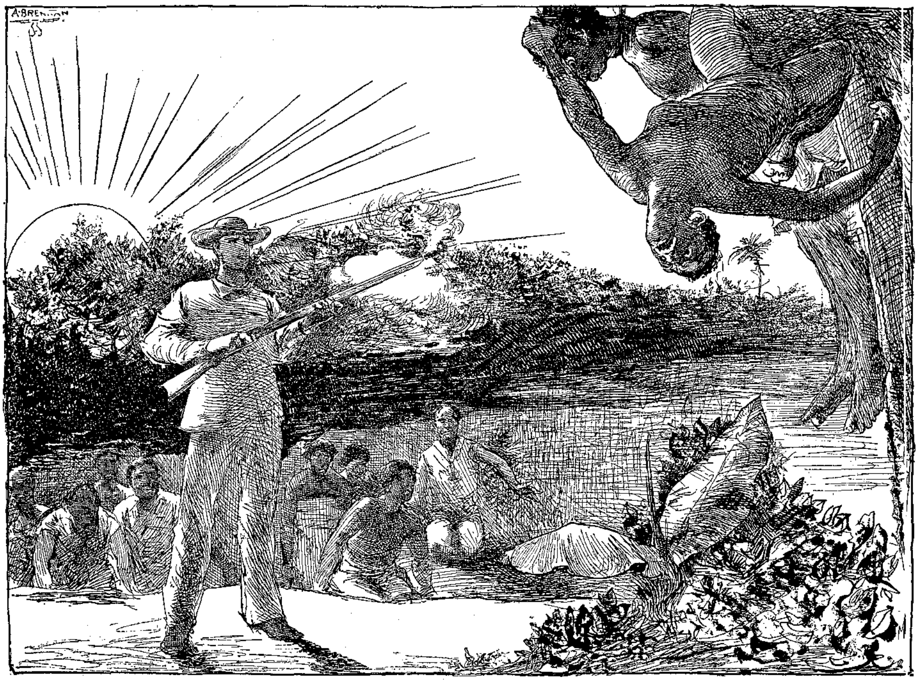
The captain was by him in a moment. "Herrick!" he cried, "behave yourself! Here, don't be a blame fool!"

Herrick struggled in his embrace like a frantic child, and suddenly bowing his face in his hands, choked into a sob, the first of many, which now convulsed his body silently, and now jerked from him indescribable and meaningless sounds.

"Your friend appears over-excited," remarked Attwater, sitting unmoved, but all alert, at table.

"It must be the wine," replied the captain. "He ain't no drinking man, you see. I—I think I'll take him away. A walk'll sober him up, I guess."

He led him without resistance out of the veranda and into the night, in which they soon melted; but still for some time, as they drew away, his comfortable voice was to be heard soothing and remonstrating, and Herrick answering, at intervals, with the mechanical noises of hysteria.



"'E's like a bloomin' poultry yard," observed Huish, helping himself to wine (of which he spilled a good deal) with gentlemanly ease. "A man should learn to beyave at table," he added.

"Rather bad form, is it not?" said Attwater. "Well, well, we are left *tête-à-tête*. A glass of wine with you, Mr. Whish!"

CHAPTER X.

THE OPEN DOOR.

THE captain and Herrick meanwhile turned their backs upon the lights in Attwater's veranda, and took a direction towards the pier and the beach of the lagoon.

The isle, at this hour, with its smooth floor of sand, the pillared roof overhead, and the prevalent illumination of the lamps, wore an air of unreality, like a deserted theatre or a public garden at midnight. A man looked about him for the statues and tables. Not the least air of wind was stirring among the palms, and the silence was emphasized by the continuous clamor of the surf from the sea-shore, as it might be of traffic in the next street.

Still talking, still soothing him, the captain hurried his patient on, brought him at last to the lagoon side, and, leading him down the beach, laved his head and face with the tepid water. The paroxysm gradually subsided, the sobs became less convulsive, and then ceased. By an odd but not quite unnatural conjunction, the captain's soothing current of talk died away at the same time, and by proportional steps, and the pair remained sunk in silence. The lagoon broke at their feet in petty wavelets, and with a sound as delicate as a whisper; stars of all degrees looked down on their own images in the vast mirror; and the more angry color of the "Farallone's" riding-lamp burned in the middle distance. For long they continued to gaze on the scene before them, and hearken anxiously to the rustle and tinkle of that miniature surf, or the more distant and loud reverberations from the outer coast. For long, speech was denied them; and when the words came at last, they came to both simultaneously.

"Say, Herrick—" the captain was beginning.

But Herrick, turning swiftly towards his companion, beat him down with the eager cry: "Let's up anchor, captain, and to sea!"

"Where to, my son?" said the captain. "Up anchor's easy saying. But where to?"

"To sea," responded Herrick. "The sea's big enough! To sea, away from this dreadful island and that—oh—that sinister man!"

"Oh, we'll see about that!" said Davis. "You brace up, and we'll see about that. You're all run down, that's what's wrong with you. You're all nerves like Jemimar. You've got to brace up good, and be yourself again, and then we'll talk."

"To sea," reiterated Herrick; "to sea to-night—now—this moment!"

"It can't be, my son," replied the captain firmly. "No ship of mine puts to sea without provisions; you can take that for settled."

"You don't seem to understand," said Herrick. "The whole thing is over, I tell you. There is nothing to do here, when he knows all. That man there with the cat knows all. Can't you take it in?"

"All what?" asked the captain, visibly discomposed. "Why, he received us like a perfect gentleman, and treated us real handsome until you began with your foolery—and I must say I've seen men shot for less, and nobody sorry! What more do you expect, anyway?"

Herrick rocked to and fro upon the sand, shaking his head.

"Guying us," he said. "He was guying us—only guying us; it's all we're good for."

"There was one queer thing, to be sure," admitted the captain, with a misgiving of the voice; "that about the sherry. D——d if I caught on to that. Say, Herrick, you didn't give me away?"

"Oh! give you away!" repeated Herrick with weary, querulous scorn. "What was there to give away? We're transparent; we've got rascal branded on us; detected rascal—detected rascal! Why, before he came on board, there was the name painted out, and he saw the whole thing. He made sure we would kill him there and then, and stood guying you and Huish on the chance. He calls that being frightened! Next he had me ashore; a fine time I had! *The two wolves*, he calls you and Huish. *What is the puppy doing with the two wolves?* he asked. He showed me his pearls; he said they might be dispersed before morning, and *all hung by a hair*—and smiled as he said it; such a smile! Oh, it's no use, I tell you! He knows all; he sees through all. We only make him laugh with our pretences—he looks at us and laughs—like God!"

There was a silence. Davis stood with contorted brows, gazing into the night.

"The pearls?" he said suddenly. "He showed them to you? He has them?"

"No, he didn't show them. I forgot; only the safe they were in," said Herrick. "But you'll never get them!"

"I've two words to say to that," said the captain.

"Do you think he would have been so easy at table unless he was prepared?" cried Herrick. "The servants were both armed. He was armed himself; he always is, he told me. You will never deceive his vigilance. Davis, I know it! It's all up, I tell you, and keep telling you, and proving it. All up; all up! There's nothing for it, there's nothing to be done. All gone—life, honor, love. O my God! my God! why was I born?"

Another pause followed upon this outburst.

The captain put his hands to his brow.

"Another thing!" he broke out. "Why did he tell you all this? Seems like madness to me."

Herrick shook his head with gloomy iteration. "You wouldn't understand if I were to tell you," said he.

"I guess I can understand any blame' thing that you can tell me," said the captain.

"Well, then, he's a fatalist," said Herrick.

"What's that—a fatalist?" said Davis.

"Oh, it's a fellow that believes a lot of things," said Herrick. "Believes that his bullets go true; believes that all falls out as God chooses, do as you like to prevent it; and all that."

"Why, I guess I believe right so myself," said Davis.

"You do?" said Herrick.

"You bet I do!" says Davis.

Herrick shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you must be a fool," said he, and he leaned his head upon his knees.

The captain stood biting his hands.

"There's one thing sure," he said at last. "I must get Huish out of that. *He's* not fit to hold his end up with a man like you describe."

And he turned to go away. The words had been quite simple; not so the tone, and the other was quick to catch it.

"Davis!" he cried, "no! Don't do it! Spare *me*, and don't do it! Spare yourself, and leave it alone—for God's sake! for your children's sake!"

His voice rose to a passionate shrillness; another moment, and he might be overheard by their not distant victim. But Davis turned on him with a savage oath and gesture; and the miserable young man rolled over on his face on the sand, and lay speechless and helpless.

The captain meanwhile set out rapidly for Attwater's house. As he went, he considered with himself eagerly, his thoughts racing. The man had understood; he had mocked them from the beginning. He would teach him to make a mockery of John Davis! Herrick thought him a god. Give him a second to aim in, and the god was overthrown. He chuckled as he felt the butt of his revolver. It should be done now, as he went in. From behind? It was difficult to get there. From across the table? No; the captain preferred to shoot standing, so as you could be sure to get your hand upon your gun. The best would be to summon Huish, and when Attwater stood up and turned—ah, then would be the moment! Wrapped in this ardent prefiguration of events, the captain posted towards the house with his head down.

"Hands up! Halt!" cried the voice of Attwater.

And the captain, before he knew what he was doing, had obeyed. The surprise was complete and irremediable. Coming on the top crest of his murderous intentions, he had walked straight into an ambuscade, and now stood, with his hands impotently lifted, staring at the veranda.

The party was now broken up. Attwater leaned on a post, and kept Davis covered with a Winchester. One of the servants was hard by, with a second at the port arms, leaning a little forward, round-eyed with eager expectancy. In the open space at the head of the stair, Huish was partly supported by the other native, his face wreathed in meaningless smiles, his mind seemingly sunk in the contemplation of an unlighted cigar.

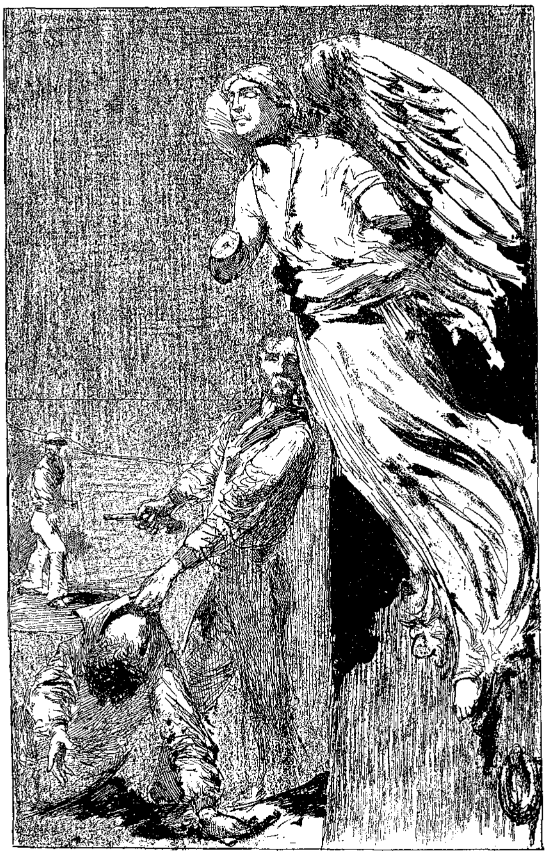
"Well," said Attwater, "you seem to me to be a very twopenny pirate!"

The captain uttered a sound in his throat for which we have no name; rage choked him.

"I'm going to give you Mr. Whish—or the wine-sop that remains of him," continued Attwater. "He talks a great deal when he drinks, Captain Davis of the 'Sea Ranger.' But I have quite done with him, and return the article with thanks. Now," he cried sharply, "another false movement like that, and your family will have to deplore the loss of an invaluable parent; keep strictly still, Davis."

Attwater said a word in the native,

his eye still undeviatingly fixed on the captain, and the servant thrust Huish smartly forward from the brink of the stair. With an extraordinary simultaneous dispersion of his members, that gentleman bounded forth into space, struck the earth, ricochetted, and brought up with his arms about a palm. His mind was quite a stranger to these events. The expression of anguish that deformed his countenance at the moment of the leap was probably mechanical. And he suffered these convulsions in silence; clung to the tree like an infant; and seemed, by his dips, to suppose himself engaged in the pastime of bobbing for apples. A more finely sympathetic mind, or a more observant eye, might have remarked, a little in front of him on the sand, and still quite beyond reach, the unlighted cigar.



"There is your Whitechapel carrion!" said Attwater. "And now you might very well ask me why I do not put a period to you at once, as you deserve. I will tell you why, Davis. It is because I have nothing to do with the 'Sea Ranger' and the people you drowned, or the 'Farallone' and the champagne that you stole. That is your account with God; He keeps it, and He will settle it when the clock strikes. In my own case, I have nothing to go on but suspicion; and I do not kill on suspicion, not even vermin like you. But understand; if ever I see any of you again, it is another matter, and you shall eat a bullet. And now take yourself off. March! And as you value what you call your life, keep your hands up as you go!"

The captain remained as he was, his hands up, his mouth open, mesmerized with fury.

"March!" said Attwater. "One, two, three!"

And Davis turned and passed slowly away. But even as he went, he was meditating a prompt, offensive return. In the twinkling of an eye he had leaped behind a tree, and was crouching there, pistol in hand, peering from either side of his place of ambush with bared teeth, a serpent already poised to strike. And already he was too late. Attwater and his servants had disappeared, and only the lamps shone on the deserted table and the bright sand about the house, and threw into the night in all directions the strong and tall shadows of the palms.

Davis ground his teeth. Where were they gone, the cowards? To what hole had they retreated beyond reach? It was in vain he should try anything—he, single, and with a second-hand revolver, against three persons armed with Winchesters, and who did not show an ear out of any of the apertures of that lighted and silent house. Some of them might have already ducked below it from the rear, and be drawing a bead upon him at that moment from the low-browed crypt, the receptacle of empty bottles and broken crockery. No, there was nothing to be done but to bring away (if it were still possible) his shattered and demoralized forces.

"Huish," he said, "come along."

"'s loss my ciga'," said Huish, reaching vaguely forward.

The captain let out a rasping oath. "Come right along here," said he.

"'s all righ'. Sleep here 'th Atty—Attwa. Go boar' t'morr'," replied the festive one.

"If you don't come, and come now, by the living God I'll shoot you!" cried the captain.

It is not to be supposed that the sense of these words in any way penetrated to the mind of Huish; rather that, in a fresh attempt upon the cigar, he over-balanced himself, and came flying erratically forward, a course which brought him within reach of Davis.

"Now you walk straight," said the captain, clutching him, "or I'll know why not."

"'s loss my ciga'," replied Huish.

The captain's contained fury blazed up for a moment. He twisted Huish round, grasped him by the neck of the coat, ran him in front of him to the pier end, and flung him savagely forward on his face.

"Look for your cigar, then, you swine!" said he; and blew his boat-call till the pea in it ceased to rattle.

An immediate activity responded on board the "Farallone;" far away voices, and soon the sound of oars, floated along the surface of the lagoon; and at the same time, from nearer hand, Herrick aroused himself and strolled languidly up. He bent over the insignificant figure of Huish, where it grovelled, apparently insensible, at the base of the figure-head.

"Dead?" he asked.

"No, he's not dead," said Davis.

"And Attwater?" asked Herrick.

"Now you just shut your head!" replied Davis. "You can do that, I fancy; and by God, I'll show you how! I'll stand no more of your drivel."

They waited accordingly in silence till the boat bumped on the farthest piers, then raised Huish, head and heels, carried him down the gangway, and flung him summarily in the bottom. On the way out he was heard murmuring of the loss of his cigar; and after he had been handed up the side like baggage, and cast down in the alleyway to slumber, his last audible expression was: "Splen'l fl' Attwa!" This the expert construed into "Splendid fellow, Attwater!" With so much innocence had this great spirit issued from the adventures of the evening.

The captain went and walked in the waist with brief, irate turns; Herrick leaned his arms on the taffrail; the crew had all turned in. The ship had a gentle, cradling motion; at times a block piped like a bird. On shore, through the colonnade of palm stems, Attwater's house was to be seen shining steadily with many lamps. And there was nothing else visible, whether in the heaven above or in the lagoon below, but the stars and their reflections. It might have been minutes or it might have been hours that Herrick leaned there, looking in the glorified water and drinking peace. "A bath of stars," he was thinking, when a hand was laid at last on his shoulder.

"Herrick," said the captain, "I've been walking off my trouble."

A sharp jar passed through the young man, but he neither answered nor so much as turned his head.

"I guess I spoke a little rough to you on shore," pursued the captain. "The fact is, I was real mad; but now it's over, and you and me have to turn to and think."

"I will *not* think," said Herrick.

"Here, old man," said Davis kindly, "this won't fight, you know. You've got to brace up and help me get things straight. You're not going back on a friend? That's not like you, Herrick."

"Oh, yes, it is," said Herrick.

(*To be continued.*)